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## CURRENT COMMENT.

IF one has the will for it, one may perhaps believe that the politicians of Japan have been so naïve as to exchange the Anglo-Japanese alliance for a four-Power agreement that promises nothing more than a certain amount of polite conversation, in case trouble should arise. On the other hand, one may prefer to think that the Anglo-Japanese alliance will continue to exist, in actuality if not in form, as long as the interests which created it endure; and one may choose to believe also that the new agreement binds the United States to come to the help of Japan, in case her insular territory is attacked. In support of this last notion, we lift from Senator Reed's speech on the four-Power treaty two quotations which he has offered for examination, the one in the bright illumination of the other. The first extract is taken from one of the Grey-Cambon letters which gave substance to the *entente cordiale*. "I agree," wrote Sir Edward Grey, "that if either Government had grave reason to expect an unprovoked attack by a third Power, or something that threatened the general peace, it should immediately discuss with the other whether both Governments should act together to prevent aggression and preserve peace, and, if so, what measures they would be prepared to take in common." The second exhibit is drawn from Article II of the new treaty, according to which the signatory Powers agree that if their rights in relation to their insular possessions in the Pacific Ocean are threatened, "by the aggressive action of any other Power, the high contracting parties shall communicate with one another fully and frankly in order to arrive at an understanding as to the most efficient measures to be taken, jointly and separately, to meet the exigencies of the particular situation."

OF course some of our friends will say that in spite of the obvious parallelism of language in the two cases, the position of the United States and Japan in the quadruple fellowship is altogether different from that of Great Britain and France in the triple *entente*, for the reason that no external Power or group of Powers now occupies a place corresponding to that formerly held by Germany and the Triple Alliance. In rejoinder, we would suggest that, in so far as it is true that the Government of the United States and the Government of Japan have no common enemy and no common objective—in so far as they are rivals in the East—the new treaty has no meaning, and the alignment of Great Britain and Japan against

America is as real and as significant as it ever was. Still, when one has said this, one has not exhausted the possibilities of the situation, for one can conceive of circumstances under which statesmanship might dictate the co-operation of Japan and the United States in the enforcement of a common policy in China and Siberia. Mutual forbearance here, with the vigorous advancement of financial imperialism by our own international bankers, and of territorial seizures by Japan, might eventually develop that amount of opposition which is necessary to give the new treaty any real significance. Thus it seems to us that the treaty either leaves the United States and Japan exactly where they were before, with Great Britain as the natural ally of Japan, or else it stands simply as the outward and visible sign of a secret or tacit understanding which will make Japan and the United States partners in the exploitation of China and Siberia. If any of our readers can discover in the theory and practice of diplomacy any basis for a less melancholy interpretation of the treaty, we shall be pleased to cut short our speech, and listen for a while.

ONE can not help wondering now and then whether or not it ever occurs to those British statesmen who manoeuvred their country into the war, that they may have backed the wrong horse. We wonder, for instance, whether the recalcitrant disposition of the French Government against all the best gestures of the Washington conference, does not suggest such doubts to British diplomats. At the outset Brother Briand dashed cold water over any idea which the conference might have entertained, of discussing land-armaments; and now, with the three-Power naval agreement all but signed, it is reported—though we do not believe, on account of the cost, that it will come to anything—that the French are proposing a programme which would leave France at the close of the naval holiday ten post-Jutland ships to America's three, Great Britain's three, and Japan's two. Nor must it be forgotten that it is France which stands out against England's proposal to abolish submarines; and that the French Government is planning, from all accounts, to provide, in its new army laws, for a standing army of from three million to five million men. In other words, the "defenders of civilization" would appear to be bent upon making those militarists who flourished under imperial Germany look like amateurs.

THIS martial spirit in Britain's erstwhile ally is probably not exactly what British statesmen bargained for. If our observation counts for anything, Great Britain's policy in contemplation of new wars is to ally herself with her next strongest economic competitor against her strongest; with the idea that when the fight is over the strongest will be hopelessly defeated, and the next strongest so badly winded as to be no longer potentially troublesome. This policy is calculated, in a word, to put both competitors out of the running at once, and leave Great Britain free to carry on in the world's markets at her leisure and according to her taste. By this reckoning France should not be breaking in upon British statesmen's well-laid plans concerning armaments and such-like matters. It is annoying to hear even a diffident suggestion that France should enjoy a naval ratio of 3.5, instead of the 1.75 that the British delegates and Mr. Hughes have decided would be about France's share. France is supposed to be dead, like the Irishman's snake, but somehow her statesmen refuse to become aware of it; and if they should prove con-

tumacious in this matter of armies, submarines and super-dreadnaughts they may cause Great Britain the inconvenience of having to keep at least one eye on the Mediterranean, just when she most feels the need of keeping both of her eyes and all of her attention upon the mess brewing in the Pacific Ocean.

DOUBTLESS some of our friends who are quite fed up with the conventional thing in the way of comment on the Irish situation, will nevertheless be interested in certain ideas which have recently been transmitted to us by an unprofessional, and, we think, unprejudiced American, who has been pasturing around for a while on the old sod. Our correspondent writes that "the dominant faction in North-east Ulster won't accept the settlement, even with the most substantial guarantees." This, of course, is no great news; the real novelty lies in the explanation offered for Ulster's recalcitrance. The dominant faction to which our informant refers, is made up largely of employers of labour. Ever since Larkin and Connolly first invaded Belfast, and drew Catholics and Protestants together in a single branch of the Transport-Workers' Union, these employers have been unpleasantly aware of what might happen if the workers should forget all about sectional patriotism and religious partisanship. More than they fear taxation by the Dail, more than they fear the introduction of Roman Catholic emblems into the schools, the employers fear the formation of a solid all-Irish organization of labour.

In this situation, the "best people" of Belfast have naturally looked with favour upon any labour-organization which would emphasize, rather than minimize, the vertical cleavage in the working class. In the Ulster Unionist Labour party, and in the trade unions associated with it, the employers have apparently found just the sort of thing they wanted; at any rate the shipbuilders have been so much pleased with the Protestant patriotism of these unions that they have frequently been permitted to hold meetings in the yards; while the organized workers, on their part, have attacked and driven out of the plants a great many of their Catholic associates, and some few Protestants along with them. The fighting began in July, 1920, and at that time sledge-hammers and volleys of rivets were freely employed. Now, in December, 1921, there has been a bombing-affair which one labour-paper considers to be simply one more incident in the long-continued struggle. Such are some of the facts in the case, as they have been set down by our correspondent.

Now we should like to call attention to the fact that this ruction has been going on for some little time. The continuance of trouble indicates the continued presence of two hostile groups; it indicates that while some of the defenestrated Catholics may have gone back to the south of Ireland, some of them are still holding the fort in Belfast, as competitors for Protestant jobs. If one take a hard and practical view of the matter, one must say that in all that relates to wages and working-conditions, the interest of the employers is very well served by the presence of two such competing groups of labourers. On the other hand, the Protestant workers can gain nothing by attacking the Catholics, unless they actually succeed in driving them from the field. Thus, conditions are very similar to those which exist in certain sections of the United States where Negroes and whites are in direct competition for employment. Here experience has shown that in normal times the employer can safely encourage the fomentation of trouble between the races, with the assurance that the official apparatus for the maintenance of law and order will prevent the hostilities from going so far that one of the parties will be driven off, and the labour-surplus thus temporarily eliminated, or even reduced.

In a period of depression, the employer is even more free to foment every kind of dissension, for the general condition of industry guarantees the maintenance of a labour-reserve upon which he may draw at any time. Thus in the

present instance, when the post-war blight fell upon the shipping-industry, the shipbuilders of Belfast must certainly have found themselves with more labour on their hands than they knew what to do with. This, then, was the opportune moment for fomenting discord which would prevent united action on the part of the workers, when good times called them all back to the plant again. Thus it seems to us that the real weakness of the workers and the real strength of the employers does not lie in religious or sectional differences; these matters will be forgotten by the employers, fast enough, when the demand for labour outruns the Protestant supply; and the Protestant workers, on their part, will be prevented by the police from an effective use of force for the exclusion of the Catholics. The factor that really governs the situation is, we think, the presence or absence of a labour-surplus. The workers can not control this factor by fighting each other in bad times, nor are they likely to remedy the situation by uniting their forces in good times, unless they decide to strike out for something in the way of co-operative production, on a foundation of free natural resources.

Just before Christmas each year our neighbour the *Times* launches a campaign for contributions in aid of "New York's 100 neediest cases," and its description of the poverty from which these people are suffering makes gloomy reading. These are all, as the *Times* informs its readers, cases of poverty due to the death or disability of the bread-winner. "None of the families to be helped," it takes pains to state, "is in distress because of labour-troubles." We take this to mean that none of them is a striker's family. Therefore all of them may be regarded as cases of involuntary poverty; and we wondered, as we read this chronicle of woe, to how many of the *Times's* readers the thought occurred that involuntary poverty has no place under a just economic order; and that when involuntary poverty disappears, charity, as the word is commonly understood, will disappear too.

It would be interesting, for instance, to know how many contributors to this worthy cause said to themselves as they wrote their checks that there is something not healthy, and above all, not interesting or creditable, about an order of things which makes it impossible for one mother toiling eighteen hours a day to earn a living for herself and three children; or for another mother of three even to get any work to do. We wonder, too, how many people were impressed with the number of cases which are to be helped only until one or more of the children shall be old enough to support the family. The point we make is that charity is a vicious and debilitating substitute for justice; and nothing more strikingly emphasizes the fact than this taking for granted that it is a right and just and natural thing that the support of a family shall devolve upon an infant as soon as he or she is old enough to escape the legal restrictions upon child-labour.

We have no wish to deprecate the work of the *Times* in getting help for these poor unfortunates. We would merely remind our readers as an incontrovertible fact, that for every case thus reached by charity there are thousands as miserable which are never reached, and thousands more which are continually so near the edge of acute deprivation that their condition can hardly be called an improvement upon that of the "100 neediest cases." We wish to say further that this state of things is unreasonable, unjust and unnecessary. Any human being has the natural right to expect from life more than a mere miserable existence on the margin of physical want; yet a vast number of our population never get far above that margin. It is not their fault; they do their best; but the dice are loaded against them. Their labour, like that of the mother who can not make eighteen-hours work a day support her family, is appropriated by other people. In other words they are the victims of a system under which charity comes easy and—largely because charity does come so easy—justice languishes.

UNTIL that system is broken, charity, however nobly conceived and disinterestedly administered, is an invidious thing. This country has a world-wide reputation for its charitable undertakings; and nothing could reflect more discredit upon us than such a reputation. If Americans had a practical interest in the problem of poverty on the scale of their interest in charity, our poor might look for a speedy rescue from their condition, at least to the extent that they are not involved in that condition through any fault of their own. But the prodigality of American almsgiving itself tends to harden Americans in their thoughtlessness and incuriousness about the nature of the poverty they help to relieve, especially such as have a considerable vested interest in a system which establishes large-scale poverty as a permanent social institution. While such a system is tolerated, charity will have a place in that system. Charity, however, strictly speaking, has no right to exist because the system which gives scope to it has no right to exist; and while the spirit of charity is commendable, its practice is an enormous obstacle to progress towards social justice.

WITH the House of Representatives already on Mr. Hoover's side, it begins to look as though Congress may celebrate the holidays by voting \$20 million for the relief of famine in Russia. We hope that such will indeed be the outcome, because, in the first place, we have a natural interest in the feeding of the hungry; second, because we believe that the Soviet Government is now able to protect itself against the counter-revolutionary influence of the American Relief Administration; and finally, because we should like to see a small part of this country's debt to Russia paid off now, when the need of the Russian people is most urgent. When we use this word "debt," we are not thinking of the sort of obligation that America once owed to Lafayette, and to his heirs and assigns for ever. Rather we are recalling the fact that, by the waging of an undeclared war, by the maintenance of a relentless blockade, and by the subsequent and still-continuing denial of facilities for trade, the Government of the United States has injured the people of Russia to such an extent that twenty millions of dollars will hardly cover the arrears of interest on reparations-payments long overdue.

WHEN Mr. Hoover first proposed to push the operations of the American Relief Administration across the frontiers of Soviet Russia, our impulse was to suggest that the people of Russia, and their American sympathizers, would do well to remember what happened in Hungary when Mr. Hoover's agents went in by one gate and helped to drive Bela Kun out by the other. We did not trust Mr. Hoover then, and we do not trust him now. Further than that, we believe that our doubts are shared by a great many of our own countrymen, who really have the interest of Russia at heart. It seems to us that Mr. Hoover himself came near owning up to this, when he made the following statement the other day, before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House: "It has been shown," he said, "that this is not an auspicious time to depend upon public charity. I don't think the total collections of diligent organizations working for this cause of Russian relief have been five hundred thousand dollars since August."

WE agree that this is a rather slim return, but we do not attribute the shortage entirely to the failure of public charity. On the contrary, we find that those of our people who have been most grievously affected by the economic depression have also been extremely active in the cause of Russian relief. The organization known as the Friends of Soviet Russia depend largely upon organized labour for its contributions; and according to reports recently published, this organization has already forwarded to Russia a quarter of a million dollars worth of supplies. The national office of this society is located at 201 West 13th Street, New York City. The work is carried on "in direct connexion with the Soviet Government," and the supplies are distributed by the Russian Red Cross. Mr.

Hoover may or may not consider the Friends of Soviet Russia "a diligent organization"; he may or may not have included its collections in his estimate of a half-million dollars as the all-American total for the last four months; but in any case, it should be said that the activities of this group in behalf of "famine-relief without condition" are carried on in complete independence of the American Relief Administration, and with the support of people who are interested in preserving some of the gains of the Russian revolution, as well as in feeding the millions who have been forced into the international bread-line.

It is not just clear what is behind the trotting out of that spavined old wreck, the Wall Street bomb-bogy, and putting it through its paces again. Perhaps some one wants an appropriation; we recall that the New York police department got a tidy sum out of it shortly after the explosion. Perhaps there is a "plant" of some sort under contemplation. But whatever be the reason for this latest cock-and-bull story from Warsaw, the story itself can hardly be called ingenious. The Morgan offices are on the corner of Wall and Broad Streets. If the Third International thought it worth while to rent desk-room across the street, on one of the most high-priced sites in the world, for a woman to watch Mr. Morgan and time an explosion exactly at his lunch-hour it stands to reason that they would also have thought it worth while to place there a woman of some intelligence. We submit that no intelligent woman would have tried to send Mr. Morgan to Kingdom Come with a bomb, in Wall Street, at a time when it was a matter of common knowledge that he was in Europe. This is too thin. We do not know who is responsible for the strange *mélange* of buncombe which is described as the Lindenfeld confession; but we are sure that the most uninspired writer of moving-picture scenarios could grind out a more plausible and animating tale.

ONE may only guess at the inwardness of this confession-story; but when one has considered the character of the supposed informer, and has seen the official comment upon his confession, one guess is about all one needs. This man Lindenfeld, it seems, was, when in this country, suspected in revolutionist circles as a stool-pigeon of the Department of Justice. Mr. William J. Burns, head of the Burns Detective Agency, has stated that after the war, Lindenfeld was employed as a spy by the Burns agency, "and was familiar with all the prominent radicals in the country." Mr. Burns is now, be it remembered, Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. He is also quoted as saying that "despite statements to the contrary I know that he [Lindenfeld] was used by the police as an informer. In fact, he was recommended to me by a prominent police official." We leave it to our readers to decide what any story told by a man of such character would be worth; particularly when a reward of \$50,000 was held out to him as an inducement to tell *some* story. One word more, and we think we may leave this unsavoury topic. Mr. Burns has announced that through this "confession," the Government hopes to get evidence that will "break the backbone of the radical movement in the United States for ever." We will put beside this Mr. Daugherty's recent statement that the "reds" are gaining headway among our labouring class, and leave the rest to our readers. Their knowledge of arithmetic is probably as good as ours, which is slight enough but quite equal to the addition of two and two to make four.

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## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### BETRAYED AGAIN.

It is beginning to dawn on our liberal contemporaries that they are betrayed again. The life of liberalism is just one darned betrayal after another; which is one reason why liberal literature makes such dismal reading. The liberal in politics is like the heroine in village melodrama who is betrayed in every act. Liberalism hailed the Washington conference as though nothing of the sort had ever happened before, and it gave Mr. Hughes and his statesmanship enough taffy to stock a confectioner over the Christmas holidays; and now that the conference is going the only way it could go, liberalism is beginning again to take on the tone of injured dismay. One or two liberal publications are still whistling hard to keep their courage up, but they make it clear that if the proposed four-Power treaty does really and truly mean—and what else can it mean?—a consolidation of such loot as the contracting Powers have so abundantly helped themselves to in the Pacific, their confidence is once more knocked into a cocked hat. The able correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* already writes despondently that “as far as naval limitation goes, the conference must now be pronounced almost a failure,” and that British and American acquiescence in the Japanese demands proves that the delegates “do not really contemplate peace, but will work for reduced, but more highly efficient instruments of war.” If the reported demands of the French turn out to be authentic, what a lachrymose Christmas-week liberalism has let itself in for!

In short, the country is getting from the conference exactly what this paper predicted that it would get, and getting it good and hard. There was no clairvoyance about this prediction; it was based on nothing more recondite than a general knowledge of the nature, purpose and history of political government—and this knowledge is open to anyone. Nor are we at all interested in the fact that we were right in our forecast and liberalism wrong. That is a small matter. The important thing is that those who take so consistently and egregiously unreliable a measure of public affairs as our liberal contemporaries invariably take, ought not to be editing papers and pretending to enlighten public opinion. They should be doing something else. If another conference should be called one week after the present one disbands, made up of the same personnel and under the same auspices, but bearing another label—suppose it were called an “economic” conference, for instance—there is no doubt in the world that liberalism would be just as hopeful and obsequious, that it would predict just as roseate possibilities, and be just as lugubrious in its sense of betrayal when the inevitable end came.

As to the four-Power treaty, very few words are necessary. Senator La Follette's analysis of it is clear and accurate. It binds the United States to recognize the title of Great Britain and Japan to everything that they stole in the Pacific in accordance with their secret treaty, made during the war and confirmed subsequently under the treaty of Versailles. It commits the United States absolutely to an alliance with Great Britain, France and Japan, for eleven years. Senator La Follette does well to point out that this alliance was hatched in secret “under the cloak of a conference made possible by a world-wide sentiment for disarmament.” The utterly preposterous nature of this pretext, is what this paper has pointed out from the beginning; yet this pretext it was which brought our liberal contemporaries into the abattoir of the conference like a

flock of confiding and innocent lambs. “No responsible statesman in this country,” says Mr. La Follette, “has had the temerity since the election of 1920 to advocate an alliance with Great Britain. The people would not tolerate an alliance with either France or Japan. Yet the proposed treaty makes us the ally of each of these countries, and morally insures our participation in every possible conflict which may arise in the Pacific, involving the interests of any of them.” That is exactly what it comes to. The people who buried Mr. Wilson's imperialist alliance under ten feet of obloquy in 1920 are now, within a year, being offered the same thing by Mr. Hughes and his co-conspirators.

It must be remembered, however, that the people of the United States would get precisely this thing from any conceivable kind of Administration. Even more clearly must it be borne in mind that they will get the same thing, treaty or no treaty. Theoretically, and on general principles, any Senator voting for this treaty ought to be tarred and feathered by his constituents just as soon as a sufficient delegation of them could be mustered and sent to Washington for that purpose. If the spirit of the country were still what it was even ten years ago, this would probably be done. But practically and actually, it makes no difference whether the treaty is ratified or not. If it were rejected by a unanimous vote of the Senate to-morrow, whatever secret understandings have been secretly arrived at in the interest of economic imperialism, would still be carried out—and carried out as explicitly by one wing of the bipartisan Republican-Democratic, liberal-conservative agency of imperialism as by the other. The proposed treaty is a humiliating thing, but of no practical consequence. The private agreements behind it are all that count. Remember Madrid and Algeciras; above all, remember how neatly and completely the Fourteen Points were superseded by the secret treaties concocted during the war.

On 10 November, 1920, this paper spoke as follows:

The new Administration will be, like its predecessor, as imperialistic, oppressive and privilege-serving as it dare be. . . . The only developments that can be predicted with certainty are a return to a high protective tariff and an industrious extension of the system of financial imperialism. Then the ‘association’ with foreign nations, forecast with due and proper vagueness by Mr. Harding, can be brought about. . . . It is a pretty safe bet that in no essential respect will this association differ noticeably from Mr. Wilson's association. It will be much more ably contrived and better managed; but its purpose will be the same.

At the time we wrote this, we were reproved for undue cynicism; just as we were lately reproved by one of our liberal contemporaries for not taking the Washington conference seriously; just as we were reproved the other day by another quasi-liberal journal, under the sneering caption “Only the Radicals have Vision,” for intimating that Brother Hughes's proposals for the limitation of naval armament were not quite all that they were cracked up to be. We took all this reproof in good part, for after all, prophecy is uncertain and our reprovers might be right. They may even yet turn out to be right, for there is no gainsaying the possibility of a miracle. But as matters stand, we cheerfully submit our little showing of prophecy and fulfilment to the kind consideration of our readers.

### A QUESTION FOR THE CONFERENCE.

THOSE critics of the Administration who suggest that political prisoners ought to be released because the war is over, and because other countries have granted general amnesties, fail to make the most of their arguments. They are sufficiently well-intentioned and certainly no

one can quarrel with their objective; still it is distressing to see people trying desperately to reach the summit of a mountain by the most difficult route. For three years these aspirants have been at it, and while they have succeeded in dislodging a boulder here and there, it is difficult to escape the impression that time and the elements would have done as much. Quite clearly, then, the time has come when they ought to try a new path.

The difficulty has been that these friends of our political prisoners have emphasized the humanitarian side of the matter, or have confined themselves to unimpressive declarations about the war-emergency being over; to all of which the Administration has turned a deaf ear. Apparently, it is all beside the point. Possibly, the powers that be, cocking an eye upon their imperial responsibilities, feel themselves in duty bound to hold these malcontents for the good and safety of the community; for obviously, the war is not over so long as political prisoners are still in jail. This is, incontrovertibly, good sense, sound judgment—just the kind of wisdom and foresight that an “up and coming” nation like ours ought to have. In a word, it is preparedness.

How else can the present state of affairs be explained? German spies, German soldiers and sailors, interned Germans, were released long ago—because, so we thought, the war against Germany was over long ago. This business of political prisoners, however, is in some mysterious way something different; something connected with war in general, and with the future in particular. That is why it is so naïve and more than a little foolish to keep dinning into the small ears of a great Government that the war is over. No doubt the war is over and the banquet is finished; but as to the Government's appetite—! One hesitates to dwell upon the matter for fear of being swallowed.

Now, if there is any hope to be found anywhere, it is in the arms-conference. Here we have the cheering spectacle of great Governments trying to agree upon the entrance-requirements for the next encounter. They are watching each other carefully, weighing each other's clubs, comparing things generally. They have evolved certain strange formulæ like 5.5.3 equals 0, which, they assure us, are highly scientific, having been worked out by the highest Admirals and Generals. At any rate, the idea seems to be based upon a kind of proportional system, whereby no nation is to be entirely without the weapons allowed to any other nation; everything being done, of course, with a proper regard for the good of humanity.

Despite all the care with which the Great Powers represented at the conference have arranged their stalemate, it is clear that the United States of America is the only nation left with political prisoners on its hands. This is, to say the least, taking an unfair advantage of the other civilized countries. While they are resting, we are as busy as ever, hammering out our patriotic *morale*, at a rate which is welding us into the best regimented nation on earth. This is nothing short of stealing a march on our neighbours in the matter of preparedness. After all, they came to the conference open-handed—or, at any rate, without political prisoners. They came ready, in this particular respect at least, to start equal; and, after all, patriotic *morale* is quite as important as armaments and, like these, must be prepared and manufactured by Governments in pursuit of their destinies—or whatever else it is that they pursue.

Appearances count for so much in these things. The dye-industry is largely a peace-time trick of protective

colouring for the making of poison-gas. The reason for having political prisoners is becoming every day more obvious. During the war, it was well enough, perhaps, to fill our penitentiaries and disciplinary barracks. We had to maintain a healthy *morale*. We had to induce that patriotic desire to do and die; in other words, to blow up, bayonet, poison and decimate all and sundry, guilty or innocent, young and old. In those heroic days, our prisons became great power houses, producing currents of fear which aroused every remotest person in the land. Our dynamos turned out sparks of *Schrecklichkeit* that were visible everywhere. Each guardhouse, prison, police court and county jail was like a transmission-station through which the current was distributed throughout the whole vast system, until the mass acted like iron filings in a magnetic field. Everybody stood behind the President. The whole nation thought as one man. Every one was rigidly obedient.

War is inconceivable without these things. Imagine an army sergeant without his guardhouse; a detective without his “jug”; a warden without his “solitary.” The manufacture of fear in time of war is as necessary as the manufacture of munitions; but to continue its manufacture in peace-times is to be guilty of the most flagrant kind of preparedness. To fill the minds of the citizenry with the sense of unquestioning obedience is as necessary as to fill our bombs with poison gas—but it is not disarming! Clearly here is cause for alarm on the part of friendly nations.

The Washington conference, however, is apparently not indifferent to the situation. Rumour has it that our political prisoners are about to be freed. England and Japan appear to have forced the situation. Mr. Lloyd George, however, may still decide to attend, and his well-known gift for compromise may possibly result in an application of the 5.5.3 formula by which England and Japan would presumably reincarcerate their freed prisoners and thus restore the balance. Our 196 political prisoners, however, would bring new difficulties into the situation by allowing Japan to imprison precisely 117  $\frac{3}{5}$ —no less and no more. Considering the possibilities of modern prison-treatment, however, this difficulty is not impossible of solution.

In carrying out this constructive suggestion, it is clear that we ought not only to determine the proportion of political prisoners to be allowed each country, but we should regulate their treatment, in order to insure the same intensity of patriotic current everywhere. Objection has been raised by patriotic foreigners that America should not be permitted the high voltage it now obtains by shackling its prisoners to the bars of their cells and starving them at the same time. It is to be hoped that a permanent committee of the conference will be formed to go carefully into these matters. Persons who served in the war as prisoners will doubtless be glad to co-operate with such a committee.

Thus, the results which the appeals of our humanitarians failed to encompass are to be achieved in other ways.

### WHAT IRELAND MIGHT DO.

PERHAPS by the time these words are read, the Irish treaty will have been ratified; and, again, perhaps not. At present, nothing is known and conjectures are worthless. We understand that a point of competence has been raised against the Irish delegates' authority to complete the negotiation of the treaty; and this makes our congratulations of last week a little premature. It would indeed be odd if after having thrown

Ulster overboard, the British Government should have all its negotiations upset by Dail Eireann's rejection of the treaty. We should not regret this outcome, nor yet should we feel privileged to complain if the treaty were ratified. It is not becoming to try to be more royalist than the king; and whatever satisfies the Irish ought to satisfy their friends.

On the other hand, we can not join the liberal publications in their chorus of praise to the British Government and to Mr. Lloyd George. One of these publications, we noticed, said something to the effect that England had never made a more noble gesture, and that Mr. Gladstone's great work was now bearing fruit. Another says:

To Lloyd George the congratulations must be unreserved. The old, liberal, pre-war Lloyd George has spoken here, and it is enough by itself to entitle him to immortality.

All such stuff is of the bosh, boshy. We hope that Mr. Lloyd George sees it; he is a man of humour and it might help him to interpret P. T. Barnum's famous observation that of a certain class of persons, one is born every minute. The fact is that the British Government was pried off the persecution of Ireland by the iron force of necessity. It did not let go until it had to, and except upon compulsion would never have let go. Anyone who can imagine Mr. George, Mr. Churchill, Sir Hamar Greenwood and Galloper Smith eating their words and their actions for the fun of the thing, or actuated thereunto by some belated and overpowering impulse towards justice, can imagine anything. No, Mr. George and his associates can manufacture virtue at astonishingly short notice and out of very refractory materials; but we have not heard that they had the temerity to try, even, to manufacture it out of *those* materials. It is being manufactured for them by their liberal ilk on this side of the ocean; and the finished product is an interesting curiosity.

Our neighbour, the *Survey*, has just gotten out a sort of prospectus, written by a dozen Irishmen, concerning the use that Ireland will make of her freedom. Well, this too is Ireland's own business; and for our part, we are not putting any extravagant expectations upon Ireland, or entertaining any illusions about her future. We can express a pious hope, as Mr. George W. Russell does in the *Survey's* symposium, that Ireland will be made up of "some thousands of self-governing economic communities, minute nations, in fact, leaving but little for central government to do for them." Such was the dream of Mr. Jefferson for the United States, and we see what has come of it! But when we leave the realm of hope and faith, and face the more probable prospect for Ireland's future, we can say, again with Mr. Russell, that we "rather dread an Irish Government, with its coming long overdue, beginning work with the ferocity of the new broom, trying to justify the sacrifices made to obtain power, by attempting in five years what more placid States would consider well achieved in twenty-five." We in this country know the Irish politician pretty well, and we can, unfortunately, conceive of him only too easily as the handiest kind of exploiter of his country and of its newly-won freedom. One may hope, of course—one may always do that—but one should not let one's hopes run quite away with one's experience.

We know what the Irish could do, if they chose to eschew the penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of economic exploitation and become nationalists in a real sense rather than in a political sense. They could make Ireland, owing to her peculiar situation, the most prosperous nation in the world; and if they were wicked

enough to wish incidentally to gratify to the full an ancient grudge, they could gain and keep practically all their prosperity at the expense of their old enemy, England. The way to do all this would be simply to abolish every form of taxation, direct and indirect, except a tax on the rental value of Irish land, and to assess this at twenty shillings in the pound, landlord's valuation. Nothing more than this.

Industry in Great Britain, as every one knows, is taxed to death. What would happen if a land just across a narrow channel should declare industry absolutely free of all taxation, and imports of all kinds absolutely free of all customs-duties? There would not be tonnage enough in the world to meet the sudden demand for the transportation of British industries to Ireland. As the demand for Irish land increased, and its rental-value rose, with private monopoly of rent abolished and consequently no speculation in land-values, the Irish "self-governing economic communities" would have money galore for the development of Irish culture, schools, public health and all the desiderata contemplated by the *Survey's* writers. Ireland would take the status of a major nation, we believe, in two years' time, and her position among the nations, with neither army nor navy to defend it, would be impregnable.

Some aspects of Irish experience ought to predispose the Irish towards a measure of this kind. In the first place, they have had a good deal of experience with industrial co-operation, particularly in an agricultural way. Hence, they are in a position to see all the more clearly that the benefits of co-operation are invariably absorbed by a rise in land-values. Second, they are, by and large, anti-socialist. Mr. Russell says plainly that anyone who came mousing around among Ireland's half-million peasant-proprietors with a land-nationalization scheme would get a warm reception. This, too, is all to the good. If a man is against the nationalization of land, it is fairly easy to show him the advantage of the municipalization of the economic rent of land. The troublesome side of the Irish would show, we think—we are by no means sure—when it came to reasoning with them about free trade. We believe it might be found easier to get their consent to freedom in production than to freedom in exchange.

Probably Ireland will turn out no better and no worse than other countries; probably she will accept the current system of economic exploitation, and learn very little from the experience of other nations with that system. Very few ever learn anything from others' experience, so why expect overmuch from the Irish? Still, it is good fun to imagine what they might do, if they tried.

### FAIR PLAY FOR THE ACTOR.

ONE of the characters in David Warfield's long-lived starring vehicle, "The Music Master," used to eat spaghetti in a most eccentric fashion, to the huge delight of the audience. We have been told, in all seriousness, that the unfortunate actor who played this rôle finally died from the effects of eating so much spaghetti. This legend may be apocryphal, but we often think of it when we go to the theatre. Few actors, fortunately, are forced to eat spaghetti daily for several seasons, but many actors are forced to play the same part daily for several seasons, with results which are very bad for their art and for the drama. The function of the actor, as conceived by the greatest of playwrights, who was himself an actor of no mean ability, is "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." This function he can hardly be said

to fulfil by eating spaghetti every night for several seasons, no matter how amusingly he does it, nor yet by playing the most sublime of rôles indefinitely. His function is to hold the mirror up to nature, not merely in one of its aspects but in as many as possible. If he confine himself to one aspect—that is to say, if he plays one part successfully, and then yields to the demand of an undiscerning public that he play that kind of part for ever after—he may be financially successful, but he can hardly lay claim to art. He is not even to be called a specialist in one kind of art, for the specialist who knows only his specialty can not possibly know even that.

Imagine a painter being required to paint the same picture over and over again, or a composer being forced to compose endlessly on the same theme, or a writer being obliged to devote his talents—as many of our popular writers do, unfortunately—to rewriting the same story an indefinite number of times. We fancy that the most inveterate optimist would hardly expect much in the way of art to be produced under such conditions. Yet these are precisely the conditions under which an actor who is unlucky enough to get a part in a successful play, is required to work. The European actor, trained in the repertoire-theatre of the old world, is inclined to regard this practice with the dismay expressed by the distinguished German actor, Reicher: “You play the same part two weeks—maybe three weeks—with *matinées*—and then suppose you should make it, *Gott soll hüten*, a success, you go on playing it for months.” But it does not need the viewpoint of the professional actor to convince one that the American way is not the way to promote the development of histrionic art. One can get the conviction deeply rooted by spending half an hour in almost any American playhouse. We are not at all sure that our preference for the American opera over the American theatre, bad as American opera usually is, does not rest largely in the fact that the singing actor has escaped the fate of the speaking actor. In opera the repertoire-idea has a hold in this country, and thus the operatic performer has the opportunity to undertake many kinds of impersonation. If he be a tenor, he may play Samson on one performance and Nemorino at another; if he be a bass he may sing Boris to-night and Don Basilio to-morrow night; and the one rôle will improve the other. “I am a part of all that I have met,” says Tennyson’s Ulysses. Just so, all that the artist has experienced, everything that he can do, goes into every rôle that he plays, be it great or petty, serious or comic.

Goethe was for some years director of the Weimar Theatre; and his conception of the art of acting is interesting and important. Indeed, anyone interested in the drama, from the viewpoint either of the dramatist or the actor, may get good value from reading his “Conversations with Eckermann.” We imagine that his method of selecting and developing his players would be strange new doctrine to most American producers of plays:

If his appearance and his deportment pleased me I made him read, in order to test the power and extent of his organ, as well as the capabilities of his mind. I gave him some sublime passage from a great poet, to see whether he was capable of feeling and expressing what was really great; then something passionate and wild, to prove his power. I then went to something marked by sense and smartness, something ironical and witty, to see how he treated such things, and whether he possessed sufficient freedom. Then I gave him something in which was represented the pain of a wounded heart, the suffering of a great soul, that I might learn whether he had it in his power to express pathos.

If he satisfied me in all these numerous particulars, I had a well-grounded hope of making him a very important actor. If he appeared more capable in some particulars than in others, I remarked the line to which he was most adapted. I also now knew his weak points and, above all, endeavoured to work upon him so that he might strengthen and cultivate himself here. . . .

If he were now sufficiently advanced to make his appearance, I gave him at first such parts as suited his individuality, and I desired nothing but that he should represent himself. If he now appeared to me of too fiery a nature I gave him phlegmatic characters; if too calm and tedious, I gave him fiery and hasty characters, that he might thus learn to lay aside himself, and assume foreign individuality.

This, we submit, is a method calculated to develop a high degree of proficiency in the art of acting. But plainly such a method is impossible of use while the American theatre remains an institution devoted primarily to the production of large rents to landlords and profits to managers. Until the actor shall come in for a share of consideration, the art of acting bids fair to have but few worthy exponents in this country. It is for this reason, especially, that we welcome such movements as the Theatre Guild and the Provincetown Players. They are actors’ enterprises. Yet these organizations have thus far, we think, shown more consideration for their dramatists than for their actors. They have not hesitated to follow in the footsteps of the commercial producers, and to present one play in as many continuous performances as the public would support. This is unfair to the actors. It is unfair, for example, to an actress who shows such exceptional talent as Miss Eva Le Gallienne displayed in “Liliom,” to keep her playing the rôle of Julie for a whole year. Under a humaner order of things, she would have the opportunity to change her rôles frequently; and when she returned to the rôle of Julie she would play it all the better for the increased and diversified experience that she would bring to it. Of the two or three commercial producers—men like Mr. Arthur Hopkins—who show an interest in good plays, well produced, the same complaint must be made. They show a commendable spirit of adventure in the matter of new plays and new methods of production; but they fail to consider the drama from the viewpoint of developing good players. They pay the penalty for their negligence in this important matter. When Mr. Hopkins staged his disastrous production of “Macbeth,” it was, as Mr. Eaton pointed out in reviewing the play for this paper, the failure of the actors even more than the inadequacy of Mr. Jones’s highly experimental settings that made the play unendurable. Of course, no one would think of blaming the actors. Most of them probably knew as much of Shakespeare as doctors nowadays know of smallpox. Shakespeare and smallpox have been about equally obliterated in this modern day; and the actor who has to do with the one and the doctor who has to do with the other, are equally and excusably at a loss for lack of practical experience. No one would advocate the deliberate cultivation of smallpox in order that physicians might know it when they see it; but one could wish that a thorough acquaintance with Shakespearean rôles might be part of the equipment of every American actor.

If the harmonious development of the individual be, as we firmly believe it is, the purpose of life in this world, then the legitimate first charge upon any enterprise is the growth of the people engaged upon it. If it fulfils this function, it can not help being successful; if it does not, then its success, if it have any, can be only a success of sorts. Until recently the actor in America has been pretty literally the slave of the commercial producer; he has had no voice in the selection

of plays, or in the way he shall play them. Such a situation is not conducive to the development of talent. Lately, however, the actor has been driven to assert himself; and the Actor's Equity now protects the player in great degree from the rapacity of the managers. We should like to see this organization go further; we should like to see it developed into a genuine actors' guild, which would take hold of our theatre and see whether there could not be some effective competition with the commercial producers. There are obstacles in the way, to be sure—the landlord is always with us, and it is probable that we shall never develop a great drama as long as he is permitted to extend his crushing exactions even upon art. But our drama could be carried a long way forward by doing more with the guild-idea; and we hope that its further development will be so directed as to advance the actor as well as the playwright.

#### NICHOLAS CULPEPER, GENT.

On the shelves of old-fashioned libraries an inquisitive investigator will occasionally find himself confronted by the works of Nicholas Culpeper. Although the seventeenth-century herbalist's chief concern was with the hidden virtues contained in plants, his books have always held quite a distinct place amongst the curiosities of literature. He was born in 1616, the son of an English clergyman. Upon the outbreak of the civil war he espoused the cause of Parliament, was wounded in the chest, and for the rest of his life settled himself down in the East End of London as an unofficial practitioner.

There is one especially curious incident recorded of Culpeper's youth. He had arranged, we are told, to elope with a young heiress who, as she hurried to the trysting-place—"Mars and the envious planets intervening"—was struck dead by lightning. We can not help fancying that it may very well have been this strange and untoward experience, beyond the bounds of reason, that was responsible for giving to Culpeper's mind that particular ironic twist that is so fascinating a characteristic of it.

A friend and brother astrologer informs us that he was in the habit of "mingling matters of levity with things of the most serious concernment and extremely please himself in so doing." Thus in writing about his cure for melancholy, we find him ending his treatise in words that seem not altogether devoid of intellectual malice: "By this I mean not the simple complexion of melancholy, for without that none can live." Such, then, was the whimsical nature of the sad, droll, fantastical man, who for the space of nearly twenty years laboured, day in and day out, amongst the poorest inhabitants of Spitalfields, never refusing money or assistance to those who asked it of him, and never leaving a death bed until his patient "had gotten out of life easily."

Naturally enough, Culpeper became extremely popular with the poor of London: some of them even going so far as to attribute his medicinal skill to magical power. It was with their support that he ultimately took upon himself to beard the official medical world by endeavouring to make accessible all the jealously guarded secrets of their trade. What till that time had been written only in Latin for the privileged few he set about to spread broadcast, in a series of tracts and booklets, amongst the drabs and footpads of Wapping Old Stairs. The degree of savage animosity that was roused by this bold proceeding may be gauged by the reception given to his "Pharmacopoeia Londinensis" by the Royal Society of Apothecaries. "A work," declared this learned society, "done most filthily into English by one Nicholas Culpeper, who by two years of drunken labour hath gallimawfied the apothecaries' book into nonsense, mixing every receipt therein with some samples at least of rebellion and atheism."

Quite undaunted by this unrestrained outburst, their quaint opponent promptly issued a second volume "Wherein Nic Culpeper brings, from under his velvet jacket, challenges against the Doctors of Physic and all the knick-knacks of astrology exposed for the first time to open sale." This compilation his enemies did not hesitate to declare had been written not only for the purpose of "bringing into obloquy the famous societies of Apothecaries and Chyrurgeons" but

also "to supply his drunkenness and lechery with a thirty-shilling reward."

Quite apart from the fascinating oddness of the man's character, his works are by no means without value, initiating, as they do, the reader at first hand into that quaint atmosphere of old wives' wisdom by which the lives of our ancestors were surrounded. Here, for example, are some of the famous recipes presented "to the courteous reader" by the sagacious old leech of Red Lion Farm:

*Marsh Mallows*: Bruised and well boiled with milk and the milk drunk is a gallant remedy for the gripings of the belly. [It was with this receipt he assures us that he cured his own son]—the blessing of God be upon it! He was suffering from the plague of the guts and I, here, to show my thankfulness to God, do leave it to posterity.

*Alder tree*: The leaves put under bare feet gauled with travelling are a great refreshing to them. The said leaves also gathered, when the morning dew is on them, and brought into a chamber troubled with fleas will gather them there unto, which being suddenly cast out will rid the chamber of these troublesome bed-fellows.

*Barberry*: Mars owns this shrub and presents it to the use of my countrymen to purge their bodies of choler.

*Sweet Basil*: All authors are together by the ears about it. Myaldus reports that if laid to rot in horse dung it will breed venomous beasts and Hilarius affirms, upon his own knowledge, that an acquaintance of his by the smelling of it had a scorpion bred in his brain. I myself am confident that the ointment of it is one of the best remedies of a scabby head that is.

*The Vine*: A most gallant plant very sympathetical to the body of man.

A few remedies for specific weaknesses of the human race, both moral and physical, taken at random from Culpeper's book of Aphorisms, are not without interest for present-day readers:

*Against drunkenness*: Eat six or seven bitter almonds every morning fasting: drink a draught of wormwood beer, also burn swallows in a crucible, feathers and all, and eat a little of the ashes of this in the morning.

*Against the gout*: Take an owl, pull off her feathers, pull out her guts. Salt her well for a week. Bring to mummy and mix with bear's grease is an excellent remedy, annointing the grieved place by the fire. I fancy the receipt much for it standeth to good reason that a bird of Luna should help a disease of Saturn.

*For procuring chastity*: Take the seeds of red nettle, beat them into powder and take a dram of it in white wine.

*To increase the milk of nurses*: The hoofs of the forefeet of a cow dried increaseth the milk of nurses, and the smoke of this, if burnt, driveth away mice.

It is interesting to note in many cases how some of our modern up-to-date theories are hidden under Culpeper's extravagant prescriptions—a kernel of truth wrapped, as it were, in a shell of fabulous conjecture. He tells us, for instance, that an admirable cure for consumption is

to go in the country in plowing-time, and follow the plow, that so the sweet smell of the earth, newly broke up, may be taken into the nose, if this may not be, by reason of poverty or the season of the year then let it suffice to go out into the field every morning and dig up a fresh turf and smell to it an hour or so together.

What could be more reasonable than his cure for obesity:

Some men [he says] are so fat and gross that they can hardly walk or do any business. Let such eat two or three cloves of garlic to their breakfast and fast three hours afterwards and let them drink water wherein fennel hath been boiled and this will in a very short time ease them.

For fever, Culpeper assures us that "cool and sweet air is essential" and after such good advice what does it matter that his sentence ends with "if the case be desperate, ye must apply pigeons to the soles of the feet."

One of the things that gives a peculiar charm to these extraordinary and rambling writings is the fact that a discerning reader will quite frequently come across passages that reveal the closest knowledge and observation of nature. Shakespeare's "Lady Smock" or "Cuckoo flower," as it is now generally called, Culpeper records as being of "a blushing white colour," a description the exactness of which will not easily be lost upon anyone who has seen the flower growing in English pastures. In another place, he refers to "the pools of water to be found in the holes and cleft roots of beech trees," and a little later he tells us "that each moss partakes of the nature of the tree from which it is taken." What a winning glimpse we have in the following entry of the old chemist pottering about over his specimens "if the flower of cowslip be not well dried and kept in a warm place they will soon look green. If you let them see the

sun once a month it will neither do the sun nor them any harm."

Listen, too, to his "cure for a lame beast." What an insight it gives one into the old superstitions of country life, such as we might imagine to be the natural mental background of the figures presented in some of George Moreland's landscapes.

If any beast, or horse, or kine be lame, mark where the lame or swelled foot doth stand and cut up a turf where the foot stood and hang it up if the weather be hot and dry on a white thorn, else in the chimney corner, and as fast as that dries the swelling will cease and the pain will go away.

During his life Culpeper wrote some seventy or more books, many of these have been lost, some of them he left to his wife, and others fell into the hands of an unscrupulous publisher. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, there was a great demand for these volumes.

Nicholas Culpeper died in 1654. At the last, this man of astrology and ancient lore was able as well as another to summon up his quota of faith. More sanguine than many a scholastic theologian, this old empiric, when owls' lives and bats' tongues were of no more avail, challenged death with the following brave assurance. "If I do die, I do but go out of a miserable world to receive a crown of immortality." May it have been so, and may he have been permitted by some divine dispensation to continue his beloved sciences in the Elysian fields, brewing out of the roots of asphodel and amaranth new herbal potations for the ghostly bodies of the heroic dead.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

### A GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.

FRANCE, whom the united efforts of all Europe could hardly vanquish in 1813 and 1815, was easily beaten in 1870-71 by a comparatively small Prussia leagued with South Germany. The result of this victory was the union of the different German States, whose former independence and mutual jealousies had made possible, ever since the days of Francis I, the aggrandizement of France. As a matter of course, reunited Germany recovered from her beaten enemy possession of German Alsace, which had been taken from her in time of peace by Louis XIV, and had since then facilitated French invasions of Germany. It is worthy of note that this recovery by Germany of her lost province met at that time with general sympathy even from England. But France saw in this reconquest a grievous violation of the doctrine of French unity, enunciated by the first Republic; and her wounded vanity gave rise to thought of *revanche*.

Decades passed; France had lived at peace with Germany, and the true French democracy became aware at last that for the complete and lasting organization of their Republic continued peace was essential. Friends of liberty on both sides of the Vosges found themselves increasingly in close agreement as they came to realize that they were far less removed from each other, than they were from their common political foes at home, the reactionaries.

The reactionaries of France, however, had not the least intention of giving up the idea of *revanche*; and, conditions aided them to keep the idea alive. The French bourgeoisie, permeated by Voltaire's scepticism, had regarded the disestablishment of the Church with smiling toleration, but when confiscation threatened not their heavenly but their earthly possessions—for a Frenchman sees in an income-tax, graduated to his ability to pay, nothing but pure confiscation—Paris began to entertain thoughts of the re-establishment of the Monarchy. Many believed that a war would be the best means of obtaining an emperor who would surely protect his subjects against such confiscations. One has only to remember the editorials in the *Gaulois* and the *Figaro*, written during the years preceding the

world-war, and the articles written by M. Maurice Barrès, and the popular songs of the Paris cabarets, to realize that not France, but surely Paris was wishing for a monarchy and a war at the same time.

In addition to these inducements to war, there came a tempter, Russia. Though there had hitherto existed no conflict of interests between Russia and Germany, Russia was now beginning to develop into a great Power, and to feel the need of penetrating to the Mediterranean. While no immediate disadvantage would have resulted for Germany from an extension of Russian power throughout the whole length and breadth of the Balkan peninsula down to the southern point of the Peloponnesus, it would surely have meant the end of Austria-Hungary.

Another very important factor must be considered in this connexion. Long before the creation of the German Empire, Russia had taken up the idea of Pan Slavism. Pan Slavism, said the Russians, is directly opposed to the spirit prevalent in Western Europe, "the Germanic principle of individualism." This individualism, they said, hostile to all constituted authority, had corrupted the whole world, and it was the task of the Russian people, who were still free from its virus, to conquer it and thus rejuvenate the world.

After the founding of the German Empire in 1871, feeling in Russia against all things German reached an intensity amounting to hatred. During the 'fifties of the last century, the Tsar had looked upon Prussia and the other German States as a sort of bulwark against the rest of Europe; and only too frequently German Governments had become the instruments of Russia's arbitrary power. But Germany's victory over France in 1871 changed all that; at one stroke it turned Russia's willing tool and protégé into the greatest power in Europe. Russia became painfully aware of this fact in the spring of 1878. After a long struggle, Russia had beaten Turkey and had imposed certain demands at San Stefano, which the Cabinets of London, Paris and Vienna declared to be impossible. The world's peace was threatened. Now it was that Bismarck committed the great mistake of trying to effect a compromise between the warring parties by acting as an "honest broker," instead of letting the Powers that had a direct interest in the matter fight it out among themselves; for a compromise was possible only by persuading victorious Russia to reduce her demands upon Turkey. It is true that, by his success in effecting such a compromise, Bismarck saved Russia from defeat at the hands of Austria-Hungary and the associated Western Powers, but he forgot that the forcing of concessions, even by a disinterested party, makes no friends. It was, therefore, only to be expected that, after this, Pan Slavism propaganda would become, as in fact it did become, more venomous than ever; for now the Pan Slavists saw in Germany the greatest barrier between Russia and the Mediterranean, and the greatest obstacle to the attainment of Russia's hegemony over Europe. For Russia had no fear of Austria, which she considered dangerous only when allied with Germany.

Russia's hostility to Germany had thus its source in the conflict of Russian and Austro-Hungarian interests, and it was this hostility that fanned the dying embers of the French spirit of *revanche*. It was to Russia's interest to see them fanned to a mighty flame. The hopes thus raised by Russia caused France to lend billions after billions to the Russian Government, money which was spent in refitting and reorganizing the Russian army, which had been almost wrecked in the war with Japan, and in building and completing

a network of strategic railways. M. Felix Faure, the President of the democratic Republic of France, and his successor, were only too happy to lend a helping hand to the Tsar, who was then dreaming of crushing the liberty of the peoples of Europe.

From that time on, the speeches began to resound on both sides, openly proclaiming an alliance for the conquest of the hated foe of Russian hegemony in Europe, and it was now only a question of time when allied France and Russia would feel strong enough to attack allied Germany and Austria-Hungary. During the French manœuvres, on the eve of the world-war, Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaievitch, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, made a speech in which he declared that he was not in the least reticent regarding the objects of Russia and her ally. The files of *La France Militaire*, of the year 1911, plainly show the disappointment of the war-agitators of France at Emperor William's determination to avoid war. M. Poincaré's election to the Presidency, which was very displeasing to the peace-loving republicans of France, and his subsequent visit to St. Petersburg in 1914 greatly increased the danger of war. The revelations of the French ambassador to Russia, M. Maurice Paléologue, published recently in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, reveal the way in which President Poincaré and his ambassador had been influencing the Tsar against Germany.<sup>1</sup> Furthermore, the trial of General Suchomlinov showed very strikingly how the war-agitators in Russia had, by the foulest means, induced the Tsar to order a general mobilization of the Russian army, and thus, in fact, to start the fateful war.

The third great Power whose interest it was to keep alive the spirit of *revanche* in France, was England. For centuries, England had refrained from making any conquests on the European continent, though she had always interfered in quarrels of the Continental Powers, usually securing to herself some material advantage in some other, larger field of the world. Washington Irving's description of this tendency in John Bull, though written almost a hundred years ago, is to the point even to-day. Under the pretext of safeguarding the freedom of the world against powerful aggressors, England has succeeded in possessing herself of the world's centres of communication, one after the other; has gained control of the seas, and built up a colonial Empire extending over the entire globe; and thus has obtained control not only of her enemies' trade, but also of that of all the neutral Powers. Through her mastery of the seas, England has been enabled to build up her vast Empire with the least possible expenditure of money and effort. When Germany was weak and helpless, England was always ready to lend her a helping hand, and as long as the communications between Germany and her colonies could be kept under British control, England would have been willing to let Germany take possession of the less desirable colonies all over the world. Accordingly, of all the great Powers, England alone has steadily refused to agree to the inviolability of private property at sea, which, of course, is a condition and a corollary of her maritime control.

It was this attitude of England that forced Germany to build and to improve her navy for the protection of her overseas trade, a policy which aroused England's hatred to such an extent that in order to induce her former rivals to join her in an alliance, she was willing to sacrifice for their benefit certain British interests of considerable importance—for example, in

Morocco to France and in Persia to Russia—all with the purpose of isolating Germany. Among the most important of England's moves in this direction was the agreement made by Sir Edward Grey, without the knowledge of his colleagues in the Cabinet, barely one month after he became Foreign Secretary in 1905. By this agreement, Sir Edward gave assurance to France of the help of the British army and navy in case of war with Germany. Determined to maintain England's maritime supremacy against Germany at all costs, Sir Edward did not hesitate to face the possibility of having to yield to the yellow race Europe's—and even England's—control of Asia.

As to Italy, that country has always known how to come out on the winning side when other Powers are at war. When Napoleon III was fighting Austria in 1859, Lombardy, Parma, Modena and Tuscany fell into Italy's lap; in 1866, when Prussia and Austria fought for the primacy of Germany, Venice came into the possession of Italy; and, as far as Italy was concerned, the Franco-Prussian war of 1871 ended in the realization of her fondest wish, the control of Rome. But gratitude is not a factor in international politics. On 4 August, 1914, the Tribuna firmly pledged Italy to neutrality. Germany, anxious to see this pledge carried out—a pledge which Italy had given to her allies of the Triple Alliance who were then engaged in a death-struggle—succeeded in persuading Austria to cede the Trentino to Italy. But Italy, wishing to bring other, non-Italian races under her rule, abandoned her pledge and her allies, and declared war not upon Austria only, but upon her benefactor, Germany. As for Japan, whose mentor Germany had been, whose cultural development is due chiefly to Germany, and who never had been harmed by that country, she, also, betrayed her friend by stealing her colony Kiauchau.

What was the attitude of Germany during these years when all the world was arming against her? Ever since William II had ascended the throne, her attitude can only be described as an absurd one. The greatest heritage ever left by a ruler to his successor had fallen to his lot, but William II squandered it as recklessly as a prodigal son. Under Bismarck's guidance, William I ruled over a Germany that enjoyed the greatest prestige of any country in the world. But both Bismarck and old Moltke knew that Germany's military successes, because of the restraint they put upon the predominance of the other Powers, would never be forgiven. Moreover, the use of scientific discoveries in agriculture and in manufacturing soon transformed a poor Germany into one of the wealthiest countries in the world. Under William I, the German Government was ever careful to avoid any manifestation of national pride which might offend those countries that had been left lagging behind by Germany's military and economic progress. His grandson, William II, changed all that. There was not one field of human endeavour in which, with offensive boastfulness, he did not claim the leadership for Germany. When, on 3 July, 1900, William II, in a public speech, proclaimed that thenceforward "no momentous decision must be made without the concurrence of Germany and the German Kaiser," such a declaration was interpreted by the nations of Europe as a bid by Germany for world-rule.

Just about that time, the German navy began to grow. In view of England's refusal to agree to the inviolability of private property at sea, the increase of Germany's navy was fully justified; but taken in conjunction with the Kaiser's speeches, Germany's

<sup>1</sup> See F. Gouttenoire de Toury: "Poincaré a-t-il voulu la guerre?" Paris, 1920.

naval expansion produced the impression upon England that Germany was determined to seize control of the seas. Then began a race in naval armament that gradually became a crushing weight upon the economic life of the nations; yet the German Government refused to enter negotiations regarding international disarmament. The belief arose among the peoples of Europe that the German Emperor "was determined to uphold the principle of militarism as the *ultima ratio* of diplomatic argument, and would hear nothing of disarmament or humanitarianism. The Emperor," so wrote the *English Review* of April, 1913, "bangs the big drum, and in a morning, Europe is plunged into panic, and there would seem no outlet but in war."

So it happened that when war came, and when a German declaration of war marked its official beginning, the impression was wellnigh universal that it was "the Kaiser's world-war." Section 227 of the treaty of Versailles reads accordingly: "The Allied and Associated Powers publicly arraign William II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for the supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of treaties." Such was the consequence of the Emperor's rhodomontades.

In spite of this, however, William II is not the criminal that he is represented to be. Nor had the Entente the right to accuse him of the violation of treaties. Lord Haldane, who must be credited with the excellent organization and training of the British army, explicitly states in his book, "Before the War," that the Emperor did not desire the war. As to treaty-violations, how can the Entente have the hardihood to talk about such things? On 9 and 11 November, 1911, the French Government publicly stated that on 6 October, 1904, it had signed two treaties with Spain. In one of these treaties, the French Government had pledged itself to respect and safeguard the integrity and independence of Morocco; while in the second treaty, it had arranged with Spain for the partition of Morocco; and all this with the explicit approval of Great Britain. This trickery, compared with which the violation of the superannuated neutrality-agreement of Belgium was mere child's play, was strongly condemned even in the French Senate. In accusing the German Government of having planned and caused the world-war, even Herr Kautsky has stated that he has wronged his Government. In his book, "Delbrück and Wilhelm II," Kautsky says: "My original view of the matter proved to be untenable. Germany did not plan the world-war. Indeed, Germany at the last tried to prevent it." The German people, however, had a right to accuse Wilhelm II; the Entente had not. It was the Emperor's pretentious incompetence only that threw Germany from a condition of wealth and prosperity into the most terrible misery, and in dethroning him the people have delivered and executed their sentence.

Thus appears the enormity of the injustice of Section 231 of the treaty of Versailles, which reads:

The Allied and Associated Governments affirm and Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her Allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her Allies.

This Section violates the conception of right of all civilized nations. It was imposed upon the German people without their having been granted a hearing; it was imposed without any warranty excepting that

of superficial appearances caused by the Emperor's absurd speeches; it was imposed by judges who, as the Section plainly shows, were the beneficiaries of the sentence. The supreme principle in the jurisprudence of all civilized nations is that nobody may be the judge in his own cause. In Versailles, plaintiffs, witnesses and judges were all centred in the same individuals. That their sentence should not be affected by a knowledge of the truth, these same interested judges refused a hearing to the German plenipotentiaries. The German people, protesting to the last, were compelled to sign, under duress, this Section of the treaty, in plain disregard of the facts. Galileo under threat of torture recanted the truth he had discovered, but the earth keeps on revolving around the sun just the same; torture brought confessions of witchcraft from the accused, yet witchcraft has never been anything but the fiction of nurseries; and so the signature of Germany can not make true the falsehoods laid to her charge.

I have shown how the French desire for *revanche*, Russian intrigues in the Balkans, and England's opposition to the freedom of the seas led to the war; and how Italy and Japan, lacking the excuse of a provocation by Germany, from sheer lust of conquest, land-hungry, took part in it, joining Germany's enemies. When, in 1914, the war broke out, Germany and Austria-Hungary had 9,700,000 trained men, or 135 army-divisions. The Entente had 10,680,000 trained men. According to the French General Buat, the number of French and Russian army-divisions was 192; with the British, Belgian, and Serbian divisions added, the total number was 215. Even the later accession of the Bulgarian and Turkish divisions to the side of the Central Powers reduced but little the overwhelming numerical superiority of the Allies. Yet in spite of this, Germany went to war, not because she was a treaty-breaker, but because she did not want to become one; the romantic loyalty of William II to allied Austria-Hungary drew Germany into the war; and the pity is, that the leading statesmen of Germany were too incompetent to prevent it.

The *American Historical Review* (vols. XXV and XXVI) contains some excellent papers by Mr. S. B. Fay, "New Lights on the Origin of the World-War," that every American ought to read. Mr. Fay sets forth the facts showing that Germany supported Sir Edward Grey's proposal to the Austrian Foreign Office that the Serbian affair be settled by discussion at a conference; that Count Berchtold, the aristocratic trifler in whose hands at that time lay the fate of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, turned pale when he read the warning dispatches from Berlin, because he feared that a war with Serbia, so greatly desired by him, might after all be prevented; and, lastly, how, through falsehoods, certain Russian statesmen induced the Tsar to issue an order for the mobilization of the army: thus starting the avalanche. The Entente had been long preparing for the war, the immediate responsibility for which rests with Count Berchtold and the Russian war-conspirators. No guilt attaches to the German people; they were the victims of the incompetence of their Government.

Why, then, did the German representatives not make use of these facts in Versailles; why did they not submit them for consideration? The answer to this question has only just been discovered by the best minds of France. In the *Rassegna Internazionale* (August, 1921), M. Gustave Dupin writes:

When the German plenipotentiaries came to Versailles to sign the peace-treaty, they brought with them, collected in a White Book, all the necessary data for an impartial judgment. These data were never used; they were hidden from the French people, which to this day is ignorant of their existence. The Germans, who were required under threat of immediate resumption of hostilities to admit their guilt for the war, requested that they be at least shown the documents on the strength of which they had been condemned. The president of the peace-conference, Clemenceau, who at one time had turned the whole country topsy-turvy because a military court had concealed from a defendant some papers that bore on his trial, refused to acquaint the Germans with the contents of the documents in question, 'because they were part of the secret work of the conference.' This is the most impudent farce ever perpetrated.

On 23 December, 1920, Mr. Lloyd George stated that not one of the leaders of the warring nations really wanted the war; he spoke from his knowledge of the occurrences up to 1 August, 1914, as they were recorded in memoirs and books written on the subject. Yet Mr. Lloyd George contributed his share to the demands of the Versailles treaty not in the light of this knowledge, but in the spirit of the following words, uttered by him on 3 March, 1921, at the London conference:

For the Allies, German responsibility for the war is fundamental. It is the basis upon which the structure of the treaty [of Versailles] has been erected, and if that acknowledgment is repudiated or abandoned, the treaty is destroyed. . . . We wish, therefore, once and for all to make it quite clear that German responsibility for the war must be treated by the Allies as a *chose jugée*. . . .

The words *chose jugée* have since gained great currency, particularly in French papers. Even Italy and Japan, whose only motive for participating in the war was lust of conquest, were made the judges and condemners of Germany—though naturally enough, for as Mr. Lloyd George has admitted, the payment of billions by Germany to her unfair judges depended on that very condemnation.

Germany, however, will never accept a sentence conceived in total disregard of the elementary rules of legal procedure. Undismayed, because conscious of the justice of her cause, she calmly awaits the verdict of history. Trusting in the truth-loving and justice-loving people of America, she hopes that they will reconsider their judgment formed in ignorance of the facts that have been hidden from them. Finally, Germany looks upon the revision of the Versailles treaty, as an indispensable requisite, if European civilization is to endure.

LUJO BRENTANO.

## THE GESTURE OF CASTILE.

### III

At the first crossroads beyond Illescas, the dumpling man and Don Alonso turned off in quest of the trout-stream. Don Alonso waved solemnly to Lyæus and Telemachus. "Perhaps we shall meet in Toledo," he said.

"Catch a lot of fish!" shouted Lyæus.

"—and perhaps a thought," was the last word they heard from Don Alonso.

The sun, already high in the sky, poured tingling heat on their heads and shoulders. There was sand in their shoes, an occasional sharp pain in their shins, in their bellies bitter emptiness.

"At the next village, Tel, I'm going to bed. You can do what you like," said Lyæus in a tearful voice.

"I'll like that all right."

"Buenos días, señores viajeros," came a cheerful voice. They found they were walking in the company of a man who wore a tight-waisted overcoat of a light blue colour, a cream-coloured felt hat from under which protruded

long, black moustaches with gimlet-points, and shoes with lemon-yellow uppers. They passed the time of day with what cheerfulness they could muster.

"Ah, Toledo!" said the man. "You are going to Toledo, my birthplace. There I was born in the shadow of the cathedral, there I shall die. I am a traveller of commerce." He produced two cards as large as post cards on which was written:

ANTONIO SILVA Y YEPES

UNIVERSAL AGENT

IMPORT, EXPORT, NATIONAL PRODUCTS

"At your service gentlemen," he said, and handed each of them a card. "I deal in tinware, ironware, pottery, lead pipes, enamelled ware, kitchen-utensils, American toilet articles, French perfumery, cutlery, linen, sewing machines, saddles, bridles, seeds, fancy poultry, fighting bantams and *objets de vertu*. You are foreigners, are you not? How barbarous, Spain! What people, what dirt, what lack of culture, what impoliteness, what lack of energy!"

The universal agent choked, coughed, spat, produced a handkerchief of crimson silk with which he wiped his eyes and mouth, twirled his moustaches and plunged again into a torrent of words, turning on Telemachus from time to time little red-rimmed eyes full of moist pathos like a dog's. "O, there are times, gentlemen, when it is too much to bear, when I rejoice to think that it's all up with my lungs and that I shan't live long anyway. In America I should have been a Rockefeller, a Carnegie, a Morgan. I know it; for I am a man of genius. It is true. I am a man of genius; and look at me here, walking from one of these cursed tumble-down villages to another because I have not money enough to hire a cab—and ill, too, dying of consumption! O Spain, Spain, how do you crush your great men! What you must think of us, you who come from civilized countries, where life is organized, where commerce is a gentlemanly, even a noble occupation!"

"But you savour life more . . ."

"Ca, ca," interrupted the Universal Agent with a downward gesture of the hand. "To think that they call by the same name, living here in a pen like a pig and living in Paris, London, New York, Biarritz, Trouville—luxurious beds, *coiffures*, *toilettes*, theatrical functions, sumptuous automobiles, elegant ladies glittering with diamonds—the world of light and enchantment! O, to think of it! And Spain could be the richest country in Europe, if we had energy, organization, culture! Think of the exports: iron, coal, copper, silver, oranges, hides, mules, olives, food-products, woollens, cotton cloth, sugar cane, cotton, couplets, dancers, gypsy girls . . ."

The Universal Agent had quite lost his breath. He coughed for a long time into his crimson handkerchief, then looked about him over the rolling dun slopes to which the young grain sprouting gave a sheen of vivid green like the patina on a Pompeian bronze vase, and shrugged his shoulders. "*Que vida!* What a life!"

For some time a spire had been poking up into the sky at the road's end; now yellow-tiled roofs were just visible humped out of the wheatland, with the church standing guard over them, its buttresses as bowed as the legs of a bulldog. At the sight of the village, a certain spring came back to Telemachus's fatigue-sodden legs. He noticed with envy that Lyæus took little skips as he walked.

"If we properly exploited our exports we should be the richest people in Europe," the Universal Agent kept shouting with far-flung gestures of despair. The last they heard from him as they left him to turn into the manure-littered, chicken-noisy courtyard of the Posada de la Luna was: "*Que pueblo indecente!* What a beastly town! Yet if they exploited with energy, with modern energy, their exports . . ."

### IV

WHEN they woke up it was dark. They were cold. Their legs were stiff. They lay each along one edge of a tremendously wide bed, between them a tangle of narrow

sheets and blankets. Telemachus raised himself to a sitting position and gingerly put his still swollen feet to the floor. He drew them up again with a jerk and sat hunched on the edge of the bed with his teeth chattering. Lyæus burrowed into the blankets, and went back to sleep. For a long while Telemachus could not thaw his frozen wits enough to discover what noise had waked him up. Then it came upon him suddenly that huge rhythms were pounding about him, sounds of shaken tambourines and castanets and beaten dish-pans and roaring voices. Some one was singing in shrill tremolo above the din a song, of which each verse seemed to end with the phrase: "*Y mañana Carnaval.*"

"To-morrow's carnival. Wake up!" he cried out to Lyæus, and pulled on his trousers.

Lyæus sat up and rubbed his eyes. "I smell wine," he said.

Telemachus, through hunger and stiffness and aching feet and the thought of what his mother Penelope would say about these goings on, if they ever came to her ears, felt a tremendous elation surge through him. "Come on. They're dancing," he cried, dragging Lyæus out on the gallery that overhung the end of the court.

"Don't forget the butterfly-net, Tel."

"What for?"

"To catch your gesture! What do you think?"

Telemachus caught Lyæus by the shoulders and shook him. As they wrestled they caught glimpses of the courtyard full of couples bobbing up and down in a *jota*. In the doorway stood two guitar-players and, beside them, a table with pitchers and glasses and a glint of spilt wine. Feeble light came from an occasional little constellation of olive-oil lamps. When the two of them pitched down stairs together and shot out reeling among the dancers, everybody cried out: "*Hola,*" and shouted that the foreigners must sing a song.

"After dinner," cried Lyæus as he straightened his necktie. "We haven't eaten for a year and a half!"

The *padron*, a red, thick-necked individual with a week's white bristle on his face, came up to them, holding out hands as big as hams.

"You are going to Toledo for *Carnaval*? O, how lucky the young are, travelling all over the world!" He turned to the company with a gesture. "I was like that when I was young."

They followed him into the kitchen, where they encircled themselves on either side of a cavernous fireplace in which burned a fire all too small. The hunch-backed woman, with a face like tanned leather, who was tending the numerous steaming pots that stood about the hearth, noticed that they were shivering and heaped dry twigs on it that crackled and burst into flame and gave out a warm, spicy tang.

"To-morrow's *Carnaval*," she said. "We mustn't stint ourselves." Then she handed them each a plate of soup full of bread in which poached eggs floated, and the patron drew the table near the fire and sat down opposite them, peering with interest into their faces while they ate.

After a time, he began talking, while from outside the handclapping and the sound of castanets continued, interrupted only by intervals of shouting and laughter and an occasional snatch from the song that ended every verse with "*Y mañana Carnaval.*"

"I travelled when I was your age," he said. "I have been to America. Nueva York, Montreal, Buenos Ayres, Chicago, San Francisco—selling those little nuts. Yes, peanuts. What a country! How many laws there are there, how many policemen! When I was young, I did not like it, but now that I am old and own an inn and daughters and all that, *vamos*, I understand. You see, in Spain we all do just as we like; then, if we are the sort that goes to church, we repent afterwards and fix it up with God. In European, civilized, modern countries, everybody learns what he's got to do and what he must not do. That's why they have so many laws. Here the police are just there to help the Government plunder and steal all it wants. But that's not so in America."

"The difference is," broke in Telemachus, "as Butler put it, between living under the law and living under grace. I should rather live under gra..." But he thought of the maxims of his mother, Penelope, and was silent.

"But, after all, we know how to sing," said the *padron*. "Will you have coffee with cognac. And poets—Man alive, what poets!"

The *padron* stuck out his chest, put one hand in the black sash that held up his trousers and recited, emphasizing the rhythm with the cognac bottle.

He finished with a flourish and poured more cognac into the coffee-cups.

"*Que bonito!* How pretty!" cried the old hunch-backed woman who sat on her heels in the fire-place.

"That's what we do," said the *padron*. "We brawl and gamble and seduce women, and we sing and we dance, and then we repent and the priest fixes it up with God. In America, they live according to law."

Feeling well-toasted by the fire and well-warmed with food and drink, Lyæus and Telemachus went to the inn-door and looked out on the broad main street of the village, where everything was snowy white under the cold stare of the moon. The dancing had stopped in the courtyard. In the street a group of men and boys was moving slowly; each one had a musical instrument; there were the two guitars, frying-pans, castanets, cymbals, and a goatskin bottle of wine was constantly being passed from hand to hand. Each time the bottle made a round, a new song started. And so they moved slowly down the street in the moonlight.

"Let's join them," said Lyæus.

"No, I want to get up early so as—"

"To see the gesture by daylight!" cried Lyæus jeeringly. Then he went on: "Tel, you live under the law. Under the law there can be no gestures, only machine-movements."

Then he ran off and joined the group of men and boys who were singing and drinking. Telemachus went back to bed. On his way upstairs he cursed the maxims of his mother, Penelope. But at any rate to-morrow, *Carnaval*-time, he would feel the gesture.

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

## POETRY.

### A BALLADE OF YE TWENTIE-FYFTH.

Ho! Ranger of ye Wildernesse,  
Bring Holly rubie-bright;  
Bring pearles of Misleto—no lesse  
Will these rejoice our sight.  
And when ye twaine our Walls doe dight  
In wreathes and chaines soe gay  
We shall be sure to keepe aright  
Saint Nicolas his Day!

Ho! Weatherman, we prithee dresse  
Our Hills and Fields in white;  
And youngling feet we prithee blesse  
With Streames befettered tight!  
Employing thus your Art and Might,  
Although its skies be grey,  
You will assist us keepe aright  
Saint Nicolas his Day!

Ho! Woodman, fain would we possesse  
A Tree of goodlie hight,  
With leaves dark as a gipsie tresse,  
Crisp as ye forest night.  
An to its shelter we invite  
Waifes of ye Cheerlesse Way,  
They, too, may learne to keepe aright  
Saint Nicolas his Day!

Then, heart Peace-filled and face alight  
With Love and Joy, we may  
Keepe reverently and aright  
Saint Nicolas his Day!

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

## LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

## GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS.

Sirs: I ask you in desperation and despair; can nothing be done to choke off this endless procession of young Americans who come to England "to study the British Labour party"? In ones, and twos, and threes they come; an unending file of good-looking girls and good-looking boys, affability writ large upon their faces, in their hearts no guile, no conceit, nothing but a deep thirst "to study the British Labour party."

Frankly, I love them but I deplore them—I go down to the docks to shake hands with them, to enjoy their accent, to savour to the full that easy sweetness of the American in a strange land. But, at the same time, I could weep for them. They don't know it, but their mission is regarded by the English as ridiculous. In fact, they are making asses of themselves. Something should be done about it!

Not that they shouldn't come to England if they want to. The more they come the better. But instead of coming frankly and hedonistically for a vacation, these young Americans are just Puritans enough to feel obliged to disguise their innocent errand; they feel that they must wrap about their secret intentions the cloak of a mighty purpose, a useful mission. So they come, God bless them, to study the biggest cadaver in Europe, the British Labour party. As I have already said, I love them, indeed, I respect them; but, gosh! how I wish they wouldn't do it.

In the first place, the two countries, England and America, are so utterly unlike in temper, in institutions, in specific gravity, in boiling-point, that it is exceedingly naive of anybody to assume—as practically all of us Americans at some time or other do assume—that we can copy English methods even in part. It can't be done. It would be a first-class tragedy if we did. I am not at all sure, from my observation of American plumbers and bricklayers and craftsmen generally, that we could take over even so apparently simple a thing as the guild-socialist idea without subtly transforming it into something quite different; something looser, perhaps, or for that matter, something tighter and more coercive.

The fact of the matter is one can not live to man's estate on this strange island of Britain without becoming utterly different from every other human being on earth. We Americans ought not to be deceived by the superficial similarity of languages. Essential England is as different from the United States as Spain, or China; and there is nothing so British and so "different" as the British Labour party.

But, good sirs, we come over, we generous, inquisitive Americans, and we carelessly wave aside all these differences, and we make the rounds, briskly, good-humouredly, modestly; collecting these English pamphlets; noting with pain the dust on the old-fashioned office-files; watching from the corner of our eyes that subdued wren, the British stenographer; listening earnestly to the smooth, complacent "Honourable Secretary." If we were to ask that worthy a few intelligent questions that really mattered, he wouldn't be so contemptuous of us, but unfortunately we don't. We ask him the same easy questions, all of us, and he fubs us off with the same answers, and when he goes out to lunch he has another amusing tale to tell of "the latest American visitor."

Of course, you will perceive from all this that my pride is hopelessly involved in the matter; and that is because I have discovered that one of the reasons why the English are so incurious about the American scene is that they find us—or they think they find us—so superficial.

Now it is quite possible that we Americans are, some of us, content with exchanging words rather than ideas. The main trouble, however, I fancy, is that the Englishman finds us quite incurious about the *history* of things, of movements, of ideas; whereas he himself revels in it. I have yet to find an Englishman who doesn't instinct-

ively adopt the historical approach to a subject if he can possibly get the time to do it. On the other hand, the American is fundamentally interested in technique, in organization, in publicity, in that thrilling American game entitled "putting it over"; and the general ideas in which we are really interested, taking us by and large, are those which we get from experience, the by-products of all our ineffectual struggles.

Now it is pretty difficult to give the Englishman much sense of that aspect of things. In the first place, he isn't conspicuously curious about it. In the second place, he is, I believe, half afraid to ask us any questions on his own account, lest we start bragging about the brightness and the vastness of "God's own country." Finally, after a week or two of this peculiar English climate, after your native American tension has loosened and slipped, and you are strolling slowly along the Thames Embankment or along the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens, you begin to wonder what all the racket in America is about anyway. You find it hard to be articulate and vivid about it, and the chances are you feel inclined to obey a vague impulse to slip into a bookshop and buy a copy of Macmillan's yellow-covered edition of Epictetus.

In short, you really can not successfully explain anything American over here; you can not make an Englishman understand Mr. Harding in the White House or Mr. Debs in jail; you can't explain the American Legion or the "welfare-work" of the Young Women's Christian Association; you can't even explain Mr. William Randolph Hearst so that an Englishman will understand him. In other words, your American stock in trade gets you nothing over here. You must start all over again.

But, after all, that is no excuse for our coming over here with such scant preparation. I know the confusion of those last days in America—dashing around for the passport, getting it visé by the British Consul-General, every moment filled to overflowing, and one's very dreams at night put to work. But, despite all that bustle and confusion, we should not, as most of us do, forget our admirable Mr. Arthur Gleason.

Much has happened to the British Labour party since Mr. Gleason put it all down for us two years ago in his book, "What the Workers Want"; yet in spite of the many handsome things which the author says about the dullest bunch of politicians that ever afflicted an unfortunate people, his simple chart of the situation of the British Labour party is excellent. It is a kind of a Who's Who among the leaders in this stage-battle with wooden swords. You learn by reading between the lines of Mr. Gleason's story, just why it is that when Mr. Arthur Henderson clears his throat, no dog barks; and then there is that chapter towards the end of the book; that chapter which, alas! so few American visitors to England seem to have read—on the British middle class and its subtle efforts to penetrate and absorb and dominate the British working class—that chapter wears like iron. Those earnest seekers after truth who feel that they must come over here "to study the British Labour party" should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the truth contained within this book. I promise them that if they do, the result will be that nobody in England will be able to patronize them thereafter.

Not that I have anything to say against the rank and file of the British Labour party. When you walk through Battersea, as I did the other day, and see men and women collapsing from hunger in the long queues where they wait for their out-of-work dole; when you see that huge Bank-holiday crowd of cockneys on Hampstead Heath, dispirited, undersized, with bad teeth—you begin to understand the blind, patient opportunism of these islanders. You imagine yourself a British labour-leader, and you say to yourself, "an inch out of this inferno would be something."

At any rate, that is the reason, I think, why with all its educational machinery, its lectures, its classes in economics, its newspapers, the social revolution in England has so little to do with barricades and machine

guns and gets itself so easily tied up with Parliament and Ministries and bureaux and relief-committees, with politicians and inspectors and investigators, with trained nurses and mental-deficiency experts, with school dental clinics and what not. \*

We Americans can understand the British Labour party well enough, but we have no call, as yet, to imitate it. Quite the contrary. Why, then, should we pretend to study it and worship it and copy it? I am, etc.,  
*London, England.* CHARLES T. HALLINAN.

## MISCELLANY.

THE furore over M. Chaliapin's appearance in "Boris Godunov" was probably without precedent in the history of the Metropolitan Opera House. From all accounts of the second performance more people were turned away than the building would hold; and at the first, which the management signalized by a monstrous raise in prices, the house was sold out instantly, and on the night of the performance the block swarmed with a battalion of eager and determined seekers. In spite of my admiration for this truly great artist, I did not see either performance. The Metropolitan does some things better than any other opera house, I think, and some things worse; and among these last is Russian opera. I heard "Pique-Dame" there under Mahler, with such effect that I eschewed any more Russian opera until "Eugene Onegin" came along two years ago, when I plucked up courage for a second chance; and the flavour of this, I think, will stay by me until the Metropolitan musters more than one Russian singer to a cast, even though that one be Chaliapin.

EVERY one's internationalism, probably, like his radicalism or his conservatism, stops somewhere; and mine stops at the opera. At that point, I became a nationalist. I have heard a stunning good "Traviata" done in Petersburg in the old days, done in first-class Russian style by first-class Russian singers who did not—and could not, to save their lives—communicate a single jot of its native Italian quality. So, too, I have heard a "Roi d'Ys" done in Italy, which was plenty good enough for anybody, perhaps except that it was not at all the "Roi d'Ys" that one hears in France. Performances like these are not interesting; they are always uncomfortably near the burlesque, if not indeed, like the Metropolitan's "Eugene Onegin," straight burlesque from overture to curtain (M. Didur's small part in the last act excepted.) M. Chaliapin was supported by a couple of Americans, one or two French singers, with here and there an Italian—all good, I believe, but good at something else—and friends who were present tell me that my apprehensions were justified and that I did well not to disturb my memories of M. Chaliapin doing the part of Boris under more favourable circumstances. I heard him in recital, however, where one could be free from all distractions. He was almost literally in the hands of his friends. I remarked the enormous number of non-Jewish Russians in the house. The floor of the Hippodrome was covered with Russians, and I saw only two whom I would take for Jews; yet one can go about the city for months and never see a Russian. On occasion, probably, New York could fill the Hippodrome with Eskimos. It is an astonishing city.

THE best use that the Metropolitan could make of M. Chaliapin, all things considered, would be to put him on in "Mefistofele," since that opera is now a going concern. M. Didur's idea of the part is perfect, but M. Chaliapin has obvious advantages in his immense size and in the great range of his histrionic power. M. Mardones, who seems to be dividing the part with M. Didur, sings admirably, but presents a saturnine and sinister figure, quite appropriate to Gounod's creation, but not to Boito's. Mefistofele is, as M. Didur makes him, an irrepressible, fascinating vulgarian with a most frank and joyous delight in iniquity, swaggering and bumptious, brimful of general cussedness, who goes down to defeat at last, distinctly and uproariously unrepentant. When M. Didur

stands on the steps of his throne, urging on the infernal carnival to a pace ever faster and faster, I can think of nothing but the figure of Mr. Roosevelt, when he rode up Fifth Avenue through the crowds that gathered to acclaim him on his return from his grand tour of Europe. Every inch of him was absorbed in the occasion, every ounce of his dynamic energy was applied to make the occasion "go." That it was all for his own glorification was a mere incident; the occasion was the thing, and he was out to make it "a bully time."

THE Metropolitan's audiences are oddly tolerant of defects that seriously impair a performance and yet could be most easily remedied. M. Gigli, in the part of Faust, sang rather better than last year, and as well, probably, as he will ever sing. It is strange, however, that his audiences do not suggest to him in certain well-understood and kindly ways, that his putting an aspirate before an open vowel when he carries it from one note to another is a crude and comical fault. Most of us, probably, have heard it in the rural amateur, particularly in his impassioned and sentimental periods—for example, thus:

When the mo-hoon is bri-ghtly be-he-heaming  
 O'er the da-hark and glo-hoomy sea.

One hardly expects to encounter this at the Metropolitan. Again, Mme. Alda, who did Marguerite, was a pleasing figure on the stage, but her voice was not true; it was, not occasionally or for once in a way, but pretty consistently off pitch. The audience, however, was indifferent to these little matters, and applauded the singers with indiscriminate vehemence. Perhaps opera-goers all over the world are less exacting than they were formerly, and the Metropolitan audiences are only following the fashion. Mr. Gatti-Casazza's cast sang acceptably enough, I suppose; but when I heard a thunderous irruption of applause break out on the last note of a song, I asked myself really in some anxiety, "Can it possibly be *that* good?"

HAPPENING to see a proof of the editorial on the theatre which appears in this issue, I was reminded that the other day Mr. Henry E. Dixey told me that he believed he was the only actor in America who had done everything that is done on the stage—tragedy, comedy, melodrama, singing-parts, dancing and all the rest of it. There is nothing like this training, nothing to take the place of it, and I am glad to see the editors of the *Freeman* making the point that for the actor's sake, it ought to be revived. To play an adventuress to-night, Rosalind to-morrow night, a parlour-maid next night, and so on, is the kind of thing that makes a competent artist. They do it abroad, at least, they used to in my *Wanderjahre*—I thought with regret as I was writing my remarks about M. Gigli just now, that I am notably uncertain about what is being done on the European stage, these days—and it was good for the actor, for the art of acting, and for the popular appreciation of that art. It would help the American stage mightily if the actor developed a healthy discontent with a mere special training, and too often extemporized at that. Mr. Dixey told me, for instance, that his training for the dance was the thorough training of a ballet-dancer; and to this day, he says, he can shake a more competent foot than most of the girls whom he sees attempting it on the stage.

FOLLOWING out the same line of thought, I was greatly delighted to hear a student in Mr. Pulitzer's School of Journalism say last week that his aim in life was to run a country newspaper. What has become of the American country newspaper that made itself by force of sheer individual ability, a national institution? Once there were many of them—the Burlington *Hawkeye*, Laromie *Boomerang*, Danbury *News*, and a dozen more that I could name. The *Emporia Gazette* is still to the fore, and will be, as long as time spares that true friend and brother of all mankind, Will White. The Springfield *Republican* probably would not thank anyone for a compliment which implied that it was still a country newspaper; and the flavour of the *Free Press* evaporated with the modern growth of Detroit. I believe that there is still as good a

field as ever for the country newspaper; and whether so or not, practical newspaper-men tell me that there is no training for a journalist like that afforded by the country newspaper. It stands to reason; for the editor of a country paper has to do everything, on the business side as well as the literary, and probably, in a pinch, has to set type occasionally and jerk the press. It all comes back to what the editors of the *Freeman* so wisely say, that one who knows a specialty, and nothing else, does not even know that specialty. The late E. L. Shurly, himself at the head of his profession in a specialty, once told me that a physician who took up a specialty without preparing for it by twenty-five years of general practice, ought to be considered as a dangerous enemy of mankind.

RUNNING a country newspaper is a tidy test of ability, and success with one is real success. I wish that more young people of grit and gumption would turn their eyes that way; just as I wish that more young musicians would seriously consider the country districts. I lately ventured to suggest to a talented young violinist that she should deliberately pick out a section of the country, restrict her public performances rigorously to that section, and identify herself with it, cultivating it intensively for years and years, until it came to feel—as very shortly, with proper management, it would feel, a sort of proprietary interest in her. Fifteen years spent in that way would give her, I think, with the talent that she has and the development that one could probably count on in that length of time, a solid reputation that would carry her almost anywhere, and an experience that could hold up her reputation under any circumstances imaginable.

JOURNEYMAN.

## THE THEATRE.

### THE UNVARYING JANE SHORE.

Now and then Miss Elsie Ferguson returns from the motion-picture studios and permits Broadway to gaze upon her beauty and to see the diminishing flickers of her once promising talent. This time she has elected to return in a play by Miss Zoë Akins, called "The Varying Shore." Quite wrongly, perhaps, yet somehow, we have got the impression that Miss Akins is looked upon in certain quarters as a light-bringer, a harbinger of the new day in our theatre, a gesture of defiance at past standards or something of the sort, which old fellows of my generation can not possibly understand. The first long play of hers that I saw was "Declassé," acted by Miss Ethel Barrymore, and it seemed to me that Pinero did it very much better in a drama called "Iris," when Miss Akins was no doubt disporting herself in pinafores by the banks of the muddy Mississippi.

Miss Akins's play, "Daddy's Gone a-Hunting," I confess I did not see. Now comes her latest, "The Varying Shore," which I have seen; and once again I was irresistibly reminded, as I watched, that I was not seeing it for the first time. "The Lady of the Camellias"—that was it; that and a shadowy host of other dramas of that ilk. The Unvarying Jane Shore, I was tempted to say, thinking what a merry headline that would have made for my review in the old *Sun* days. But please consider that I have not said it, because doubts assail me concerning the identity and character of Jane. It is possible that I may be soiling a vestal.<sup>1</sup> At any rate, the point is that Miss Akins's latest play is one more lachrymose, sentimental and mechanical tale of the beautiful, devoted, self-sacrificing harlot. Indeed, it is so lachrymose, sentimental and mechanical that it must be rather difficult for Miss Ferguson to realize that she is not still

in the movies. If this be the modern dispensation in our theatre, let us go back to Euripides.

The play opens with an epilogue—called a prologue—at Monte Carlo. Miss Ferguson, in the person of the very ancient sinner, has died, and her ghost returns to address the faithful lover of her very pure and early youth in Virginia, who, of course, has never forgotten her. Indeed, he has pursued her through the play. This aspect of age Miss Ferguson denotes by the usual expedients of quavering voice and trembling hand, after the manner of the "first old lady" in the stock company. Then the play begins. Three episodes of her life are shown. First, she is a girl of sixteen, in Virginia, in 1847. She has been seduced by a Virginia gentleman (strange! he does not talk about Southern chivalry), and rather than be forced into a marriage with him, to the detriment of his career, she runs away. Naturally, there was nothing at all for the pure little thing to do but repeat; so we next find her as the mistress of a New Yorker, at his country home on Long Island, in 1859. He was rather an extraordinary chap in his way, because for his porch furniture he had successfully resisted the black walnut of the period, and had chosen Grand Rapids reproductions of Windsor chairs; indeed, we have seldom encountered a man so far ahead of his time. But poor Julie had to give him up, too, when she found he did not love her, and we next find her in the Paris of 1870, rivalling the Empress Eugénie in beauty of face and of costume, and wresting a gay living from the lusts of men, with sad reminders of lost paradises and past transgressions. However, we must admit she refused, very sensibly, to die of tuberculosis.

How plain it all is!—the first act, to let the star actress assume the demeanour of sweet sixteen; the unblushing assault upon feminine tear-glands and masculine sympathy; the jump to young womanhood; the splendour of maturity, in calculated costumes; the trickery and humbug of a play to show off the paces of an "emotional" (but not too emotional) actress! There was a time when Miss Ferguson, in an honest play, could strike a sudden contralto note with her voice, droop one corner of her lovely mouth, and wrench your heartstrings; now she plays upon the contralto note till it is monotonous and meaningless, and never for an instant conceals the shoddy nature of her part and of the play. The one simple, honest, and effective performance in the whole dreary affair is that of a Negro slave-girl who follows her mistress to the end, given by Miss Geraldine O'Brien.

Why make so much of this drama, then, you ask? Solely because the author has, apparently, assumed a place of some prominence in our theatre, and in certain critical quarters has been held up for serious consideration. On the showing of this play, there is no foundation for such a critical attitude. To take it, is to belittle and render ridiculous what few genuine efforts are being made in America to produce a native drama worthy of the name.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### ARABIC INFLUENCES IN EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

SIRS: I have read with interest Mr. McGrath's letter on "The Beginnings of European Literature," which was published in your issue of 14 December. I have no desire at present to dispute any of the patriotic assertions made by him. I know perfectly well that, in the Dark Ages, Ireland was more advanced than the rest of Europe; but that fact does not prove much. The University of Paris was one of

<sup>1</sup> I have looked her up. She wasn't. W. P. E.

the earliest universities established in Christian Europe, if not the earliest. Where, then, did Europeans who wanted to receive higher education go before that university was founded? Cordova! Was there any city in Western Europe that in those days could vie in culture with the Arab Cordova? What did Hrothwitha, the nun, write about it? Did she not call it "the jewel of the world?" Was not early Italian poetry influenced by the poetry of the troubadours; and are not the troubadours of Provence the direct result of Arabian influence in Southern France? What is the origin of the Italian *canzone*? Arabian. What was the court language of Frederick II? Arabic!

If Mr. McGrath wants to know how great was the influence of the Arabs on the European nations of those times, let him read Petrarch again, who complains of the slavishness of European scholars and poets to Arabian models. Dr. Stanley Lane Poole, Dr. Gustave Le Bon, Professor Scott and scores of other authorities have acknowledged the preponderant influence of the Arabs on the European civilization of those times. I am, etc.,  
New York City.

V. B. METTA.

## AN APT QUOTATION.

SIRS: As a pendant to the excellent article, "The Darwinism of Society," by Mr. Stanton A. Coblenz, which appears in your issue of 21 December, may I call to your attention the following passage from Ruskin's "Unto This Last":

In a community regulated only by laws of supply and demand, but protected from open violence, the persons who become rich are, generally speaking, industrious, resolute, proud, covetous, prompt, methodical, sensible, unimaginative, insensitive, and ignorant. The persons who remain poor are the entirely foolish, the entirely wise, the idle, the reckless, the humble, the thoughtful, the dull, the imaginative, the sensitive, the well-informed, the improvident, the irregularly and impulsively wicked, the clumsy knave, the open thief, and the entirely merciful, just and godly person.

I am, etc.,

X. Y. Z.

## THE STORY OF THE WOMAN'S PARTY.

SIRS: I should like, as briefly as possible, to answer the points raised in your issue of 7 December, by Miss Maud Younger about my review of Mrs. Irwin's book, "The Story of the Woman's Party" in your issue of 21 September, and Miss Vivien Pierce's criticism of that review in your issue of 5 October.

1. In my review I stated that the book was "official." This statement was challenged by Miss Pierce, herself an active member of the party, and at one time editor of its organ, the *Suffragist*.

2. The point as to Mrs. Irwin's unfitness to write the book because she was "abroad or in other cities" was raised, in so far as it was raised at all, by Miss Pierce and not, as Miss Younger suggests, by "your reviewer." The words quoted appeared in her letter and not in my review and the point seemed to me quite as irrelevant as it does to Miss Younger.

3. It does not seem to me that Mrs. Irwin succeeded if, as Miss Younger says, she sought to bring out, not the attitude of the Woman's party towards the coloured prisoners but merely the attitude of Mr. Wilson's Administration towards the Woman's party. Miss Younger says: "This action of the prison officials [putting the Suffrage pickets with the Negro women] was intended as an insult and degradation." It seems to me, from Mrs. Irwin's book, that the members of the Woman's party either felt it as an insult and degradation or else that they were willing to pretend to such a feeling and capitalize it whenever they thought such a course would help their cause. According to Mrs. Irwin's statement also, their resentment was not limited to the officials of the workhouse in Virginia who violated a State law in not enforcing segregation, but also against Warden Zinkham of the District of Columbia who would (I believe) have violated the law of the District if he had enforced it. It was, according to Mrs. Irwin (page 293) the Washington jail that the Southern men threatened to burn down, and it was Warden Zinkham of Washington who received so many threats against his life that he went armed. So much for the violation of law, in the treatment of the pickets. The story of their treatment also opens up the wider question of the rights and privileges due to political prisoners. It seemed to me distinctly disappointing in reading the book to have so much stress laid on the fact that the Suffragists suffered from the appalling prison-conditions in Washington and Virginia when they were political prisoners rather than that they found that such conditions existed for any prisoners. While the horrors they suffered were excellent propaganda-material, the real crime against political prisoners as such is their arrest and imprisonment

and not the incidents attending their imprisonment. It seemed to me that the emphasis placed by the pickets on all such incidents for their propaganda-value, including their questionable humiliation at being imprisoned with coloured women, decidedly weakened the force of their real grievance, which was that they were arrested for exercising their rights of free speech and assembly and of peaceful petitioning and picketing.

Last. In my review I did say that the book was "curiously uninforming as to the real motive behind much of the party's activity, etc.," which was what I thought when I wrote it and still think. I also said that I thought that much of this lack was due to its official character, on which point I was challenged by Miss Pierce and am now sustained by Miss Younger. What I particularly had in mind was this very question of the attitude of the party on the colour-line, the only indications of which were found in the statements of the pickets to which I objected. Mrs. Irwin gave a great deal of space to the work of particular organizers in Southern States without ever telling how they met the important issue of the Negro vote which, in those States, they must have had to meet again and again; and this seems to me a serious omission I am, etc.,  
New York City.

MARTHA GRUENING.

## CAPTAIN BUNSBY'S ADVICE.

SIRS: Now if you will follow "The Person Sitting in Darkness" with "China and Reconstruction" by Sir Robert Hart from the *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1901, "The Chinese Wolf and the European Lamb" by Dr. E. J. Dillon, in the *Contemporary Review*, of the same date, and print the following hymn you will please one "constant reader" even if you fail to impress our Christian statesmen.

If you see an island shore  
Which has not been grabbed before,  
Lying in the track of trade as islands should,  
With the simple native quite  
Unprepared to make a fight,  
Oh, you just drop in and take it for his good.

## CHORUS:

Oh, you kindly stop and take it for his good,  
Not for love of money, be it understood,  
But you row yourself to land,  
With a Bible in your hand,  
And you pray for him and rob him, for his good;  
If he hollers, then you shoot him—for his good.

There've been sad and bloody scenes  
In the distant Philippines,  
Where we've slaughtered thirty thousand for their good  
And, with bullet and with brand,  
Desolated all the land,  
But you know we did it only for their good.

## CHORUS (fortissimo, beginning with a howl):

O! just club your gun and kill him for his good;  
Don't waste a cartridge, give him steel or wood;  
When he's wounded and he's down,  
Brain him 'cause his skin is brown,  
But be careful that you do it for his good,  
"Take no prisoners" but kill them—for their good.

Yes, and still more far away,  
Down in China, let us say,  
Where the "Christian" robs the "heathen" for his good,  
You may burn and you may shoot  
You may fill your sack with loot  
But be sure you do it only for his good.

## CHORUS:

When you're looting Chinese Buddhas for their good,  
Picking opals from their eyeballs made of wood,  
Just repeat a little prayer,  
As you pry them out with care,  
To the purport that you do it for his good;  
Make your pocket-picking clearly understood.

Or this lesson I can shape  
To campaigning at the Cape,  
Where the Boer is being hunted for his good,  
He would welcome British rule  
If he weren't a blooming fool;  
Thus you see it's only for his good.

## CHORUS (pianissimo):

So they're burning burghers' houses for their good,  
As they pour the kerosene upon the wood,  
I can prove them, if I list,  
Every man an altruist  
Making helpless women homeless—for their good;  
Leaving little children roofless—for their good.

## MORAL

There's a moral to my song,  
But it won't detain you long,  
For I couldn't make it plainer if I would,  
If you dare commit a wrong  
On the weak because you're strong  
You may do it—if you do it for his good.

You may rob him, if you do it for his good;  
 You may kill him, if you do it for his good;  
 You may forge and you may cheat;  
 You have only to repeat  
 This formula, "I do it for your good"  
 Crime is Christian when it's really understood.

I am, etc.,

JACK BUNSBY.

## BOOKS.

### SYMPHONIES IN THE PSYCHOTIC.

THE two novelettes which make up the twelfth volume in Mrs. Garnett's translation of Dostoevsky, "The Friend of the Family," were published ten years apart—the title-story in 1859, the year in which Dostoevsky finally obtained permission to return from Siberia to St. Petersburg, and "Nyetochka Nyezvanov" in 1849, the year of his arrest and imprisonment. They are both remarkable productions; they have both been somewhat slighted by critics, simply, one supposes, because they are, naturally, less remarkable than "The Idiot" or "Crime and Punishment" or "The Brothers Karamazov." They share, they show, none the less, their author's genius—they are, despite their "age," more sharply "modern"—a term by which one presumably means fine and searching in a psychological sense—than anything present-day American fiction can show, for all its advantage, in point of time, of seventy years. They have also, for those who are interested in the extraordinary literary case with which Dostoevsky presents us, their special points: "The Friend of the Family," written about two years before "The Idiot," contains the prototype of Myshkin, and adumbrates, faintly but clearly, that whole later series of novels in which one overhears the dialogue between good and evil, faith and cynicism, altruism and egotism. "Nyetochka Nyezvanov," too, is important, among other reasons, if only because it shows us clearly a Dostoevsky who already, before his imprisonment, was conspicuously, for the eyes of a psychologist, marked; although of course, even before this, Bielinsky the Russian critic, had said, "What he needs is medical attention."

Critics of an academic cast, critics for whom literary values approximate the absolute, and for whom art is a kind of religion, profoundly distrust any attempt to trace aspects of a work of art to the psychic disequilibrium of the artist. Dostoevsky has especially, at the hands of his admirers, come in for this kind of shielding. Again, this shielding is most conspicuous on the part of those, precisely, who see in Dostoevsky not merely an artist but also, and perhaps more importantly, a prophet, a seer. Thus, Mr. J. Middleton Murry, in his book on Dostoevsky, attacks the notion of ascribing to epilepsy any relevant effect on Dostoevsky's work, and ridicules it as not merely stooping to "the unpardonable methods of a Nordau," but also as confounding cause with effect: Mr. Murry prefers, despite all the evidence, to believe that it was exactly the strain of literary creation which brought on the active phase of the epilepsy.

The facts are, of course, that Dostoevsky inherited a tendency to hysteria; that the disorder manifested itself even in his boyhood; that even before he was sent to Siberia he was a confirmed hypochondriac, who revelled in searching medical books for "symptoms"; and finally that, whether or not in later life the worry and prolonged intellectual effort contributed to the increasing violence of his attacks, none the less he was already an epileptic, with all that fact, as we shall see, can imply. Writing, at the age of twenty-seven,

<sup>1</sup>"The Friend of the Family." Feodor Dostoevsky. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

to his brother Michael, Dostoevsky, after mentioning a marked increase in his "nervous irritability" (a precise characteristic of the epileptic) went on to say: "Whenever formerly I had such nervous disturbances, I made use of them for writing; in such a state I could write much more and much better than usual." This gives us a Dostoevsky who is capable of exploiting his disease. Not for nothing was he a hypochondriac. His descriptions, again and again, of hysterical states of mind are of unparalleled exactitude and vividness.

Of the causes of epilepsy little is known; of its effects, which are obvious, let me quote Dr. J. F. Munson, in an article on epilepsy in the "Modern Treatment of Mental and Nervous Diseases" of Drs. White and Jelliffe:

The characteristic features of the disease influence the life of the afflicted individual in every particular. . . . There are practically no epileptics without some mental change. . . . [Epilepsies are] characterized by mental change and by certain traits of mind and character which exist independent of the seizure. . . .

Aschaffenburg lays special stress on the variations of the physical condition (mood) which may occur independent of attacks. Grasset characterizes them more harshly, but with much truth, and indirectly points out the variability of the epileptic's psychic condition:

On the one hand, they are sombre, taciturn, defiant, suspicious, always ready to fly into a passion, to hurt people, to become enraged, and to strike; on the other hand, they are contrary, obsequious, obliging, wheedlesome, full of effusion and gentleness. In reality, epileptics are all, or nearly all, irritable, subject to attacks of sudden, violent and ferocious transports of rage, during which they do not, as it were, belong to themselves. This irritability is the keynote of their character. Many have, in addition, vices and perverse instincts. . . . They frequently have a tendency to a sickly piety or a sort of excessive religiousness, mixed with hypocrisy. . . .

Add to this that epileptics are further described as "full of contradictions and contrasts"; unstable; that ideas of religion are common during the seizure; that there is apt to be a complete disorientation of time and place; and that in the delirium "the ideas often assume a mystic character and are associated with a state of euphoria which may reach the intensity of ecstasy," and we have a fairly complete clinical picture of the epileptic.

What is more, we have a fairly recognizable portrait of the Feodor Dostoevsky who emerges for us in the novels and letters, so recognizable that it must be impossible for the intelligent critic to ignore it. Can we, in this light, follow such a critic as Mr. Murry, who would have us regard Dostoevsky as a seer, as a leader of thought, one who will take us beautifully into a new intellectual realm in which the truth is especially luminous? What we must have, in a leader of this sort, is sanity—it is no use begging the question, as Mr. Murry does, by endeavouring, as it were, to discredit "sanity" on the witness-stand. Sanity is a relative thing, true enough, it is the relative freedom of the sound mind in the sound body. In the case of Dostoevsky this freedom was impaired by a specific cause of which, happily, we know the specific effects. It is no use setting up, as Mr. Murry does, Dostoevsky's "timelessness" and "mystic terror" and excessive religious humanitarianism as absolute virtues, for we can not help seeing them as products of a disease. Tuberculosis makes its victims optimistic, but we do not necessarily accept their views of life. Why, then, should we accept, as something ex cathedra, the turbid mysticism, the febrile hypochondria, of Dostoevsky? We might as well adore the disease which produced them.

No, we find it impossible to accept as a seer, as a thinker, one on whom the stigma of psychic compulsion is so plain. Dostoevsky is perhaps the supreme instance of the compulsive nature of the artist's ideas. But if that means that we can not take too seriously his "ideas," it does not mean that we can not take him seriously as an artist, as a creator, whether it is only to see in him, as Mr. Hueffer does, "a portentous writer of enormous detective stories," or to see in him, as many other critics have done, the greatest of all novelists. Granted that he was, as Mr. Murry says, the "most sensitive soul" which the modern world has produced, he was also an injured soul, and his novels are the profuse, extraordinary record of that injury, the bewildered confession of an acutely sensitive but grievously wounded sensorium. Seen in this light, especially, but indeed seen in any light, his novels are "dreams": confused, wandering, crowded; lighted everywhere with the red light of fever.

Dostoevsky himself admitted more than once that he had little "control" of his story—he chronicles, in one of his letters, his difficulties with "The Possessed," in which a new hero, one who had originally been designed for a somewhat minor rôle, took possession of the novel; he speaks elsewhere of the "shapelessness" of his stories; he reproaches those who demand of a man in his circumstances, "lucid art, effortless and untroubled poetry"; but he comes no nearer to lucidity or to the untroubled in "The Brothers Karamazov," the only one of his novels composed at leisure. His novels are, in fact, dreams in a Freudian sense, since they are the projection, again and again, of his own difficulties in life. His characters all verge on the hysterical or epileptic—some of them project, as it were, one phase of the disease, and some another.

It is possible to carry too far this theory of genesis, but one hardly hesitates in ascribing to epileptic mysticism and euphoria the origins of Myshkin, of Sonia, of Alyosha, as one also is prone to see, on the other hand, in the "evil" or perverse phases of epilepsy, the origins of Rogozhin, Raskolnikov, Svidrigailov. One need not simplify excessively—there are other factors to be considered. There is, for example, Dostoevsky's metaphysical preoccupation with the problem of good and evil, a problem which essentially provides the core of all his greatest work: the theme, if we see it in abstract, of "The Idiot," "The Possessed," "Crime and Punishment," "The Brothers Karamazov"; the theme, for once explicit, of "Notes from Underground." But do we not see the stigma of disease, once more, precisely in this excessive morbid preoccupation? It was a problem with which Dostoevsky was obsessed; the sense of "evil" rode him like a demon, a protean demon which at one moment was the monstrous symbol of pain, at another the symbol of the sense of horror and futility which arises from too acute a consciousness of the blank, empty, and indifferent determinism in which the human consciousness finds itself enmeshed.

In his analysis of the latter sensation, Dostoevsky went extraordinarily far—has anyone been more conscious, as it were, of consciousness, or so singularly and persistently endeavoured to shed the light inward on himself? The tissue of that analysis is a marvel of impalpability, the logical filaments are luminous and exquisite, and we only begin to see the fundamental error when we see that the logic is more often one of sensation or feeling than one of thought, and that the datum from which it all grows is the assumption, natural only to the injured and abnormal mind, that the measure of one's "awareness" is precisely the measure of one's "disgust."

But we need not subscribe to Dostoevsky's ideas to delight in his novels—we are wise if we accept them simply as amazing psychotic improvisations on a theme, psychological symphonies of unparalleled sensitiveness and richness; and if we are bound to wonder whether their characteristic extravagant vehemence is not a hint that the composition of them was often precisely an "epileptic equivalent," that need not lessen for us in the slightest our delight in abandoning ourselves to the torrent. What we come to is the fact that the later novels are not a transcription or representation of our actual world—they have their contact with it, obviously, their roots in it, but they flower, remotely and strangely, in another and translunar atmosphere. They approach, by this kind of singular abstraction and attenuated contact with the real, an "absoluteness" in fiction which we can perhaps only parallel, odd as the parallel seems, with the later novels of Henry James—"The Golden Bowl," "The Wings of the Dove," "The Awkward Age," "What Maisie Knew," "The Ambassadors." I do not suggest any such absurdity as that these novels resemble, in any other remotest particular, "Crime and Punishment" or "The Brothers Karamazov." Dostoevsky did not, as James did, calculate his effect; he was not even aware of it. He asked, in one of his letters, "Is not my fantastic 'Idiot' the very dailiest truth?" Well, of course it is not; nor do we wish it to be. It is perhaps something better than the truth.

CONRAD AIKEN.

#### A METAPHYSICAL POET.

ONE of the most marked effects of the present-day fashion for the purely lyrical or the descriptive in poetry is the prevailing absence in most modern verse of anything resembling thought. To wonder, to speculate, to ask questions about mankind or the universe, these are things that no poet now is ever expected to do. The Georgian bard, overbrimming with simple ecstasy at the spectacle of a few sheep, cuckoos and trees, or the Imagist, ransacking the treasures of China, Greece, or Peru, alike refuse to go below the surface of apparent reality. Metaphysics has gone out of fashion, abstract thought is absolutely barred, and to refer to God by name is highly unpopular, ever since Browning acquired the unfortunate habit of dragging God into every subject under discussion. Yet our popular verse-writers might reflect that the very thing which has made great poets of Dante, Shakespeare, Donne, Shelley, and a few others, has been their power to fuse together the world of appearances and the world of abstract thought. That feeling and intelligence, passion and speculation are only two sides of the same function, and should coincide in development, seems to have occurred to few poets and fewer critics of the present day.

Mr. Gerald Gould<sup>1</sup> is that rare thing in our age, a purely metaphysical poet. What makes his case still rarer is, that he is a pretty good metaphysical poet. I do not by this mean to imply that Mr. Gould is a great poet. He is obviously still a young man, and obviously has many faults to overcome. Whether he will outgrow his present stature, time alone can determine. But the root of the matter is, I think, in him. Each of his poems is a struggle to grasp at truth, and in each one he is baffled, defeated, still a searcher for the final vision which ever eludes him. That is as it should be. To the true metaphysician, to a man like Donne, for instance, what matters is always the struggle, the conflict of passion and reality, the grotesquely tragic affirmation of desire against the slow consuming-away of the flesh that supports it. Mr. Gould as yet takes this struggle too seriously, perhaps. But he already realizes the significance

<sup>1</sup> "The Journey: Odes and Sonnets." Gerald Gould. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.50.

of the struggle, its character of recurrence with difference:

Two days ago a sacred something died.  
I had not thought that it could perish so:  
Two days ago I learnt all God will let me know.  
Two days ago? Two thousand years ago,  
At that ninth hour when the great veil was rent,  
And earth and sky were one dark continent  
For one man crucified!

Love is at the bottom of it all; love that can not content itself with a little, but must seek for ever, love that creates hatred, malice, envy, contempt; love that overcomes even these, and perhaps fearlessly annihilates itself at the last:

Why to give all is to deny much more,  
Since consummation hungers for increase:  
Achievement is a prison, and release  
Comes not by opening of the dungeon door:  
There is one life to live, one world to explore,  
And not to ask for peace is to have peace.

To those who are weary of the conventional Georgian attitude in poetry and who wish to read some really brain-stimulating stuff, I can safely recommend this volume. Apart from its other merits, the Yale University Press has seen to it that it is a distinguished-looking piece of printing and book-production.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

### WHEN KNIGHTS ARE BOLD.

ONCE more, with Jovelike wrath, Sir Philip Gibbs smites the Philistine. For four long years, he made his sacrificial offerings on the altar of Mars; now that the bonds are burst, he will snap his fingers at that lying deity and tell the bitter truth. In "More That Must Be Told," he chastises with whips and scorpions "the Old Gang," as he is pleased to dub fine gentlemen like Messrs. Grey, Asquith, Delcassé, Balfour and Company who engineered the fortunes of Europe and brought it to the high state of civilization which it enjoys at this present moment. Not a lion of the hour is allowed to slink to his lair without a rotten egg on his noble brow. Curzon is "grave and pompous, 'God's butler.'" Then there is "dear Arthur Balfour," that "debonair" trifler in the lives of men, "so hard in old ideas." As for Austen Chamberlain, he is only "the counterfeit of a greater father, able as a bank-manager, correct as an archdeacon, cold as a statue on the Thames Embankment, uninspired as the secretary of an insurance-office, but honourable and upright." Yea, verily, Winston Churchill is a gambler with "no wisdom—no luck even, except in getting high office." Woodrow Wilson is here with all "his hard, autocratic temper" and his "fatal egotism." Poincaré is "a tall man, with a plump, waxen face, expressionless and, I thought, merely stupid." Briand, "the renegade" climbing high in the demagogue's chariot, flourishes a little while against the noonday sun. Clemenceau "looked more like a walrus than a tiger, a poor old walrus in a travelling circus." Lloyd George with his "babe-blue eyes" baffles all, enrages all, rules all, and remains a perfectly good Baptist. The press was "a hot-bed of favouritism and conspiracy." Politicians intrigued, lied, chattered, wined, sneered, roared, and laughed in private; and wept crocodile tears in public for the benefit of King Demos and King George. Fine ladies, playing the old, old sex game with generals and politicians over wine-cups, made and unmade the fortunes of men standing at the gates of death amid the mud and hell of Flanders. With ghastly calm, Sir Philip draws a picture of them all. We can see their hard faces and bare, white shoulders against a background of smoke and flame towering to heaven on the Hindenburg line. We can hear the hiss of their serpentine tongues even amid the shriek of shells that tear asunder the warm throbbing bodies and blast the young hopes of men dying for "merrie England." The "Old Gang" are not without virtues. Sir Philip can say a

good word for them, but when the plain truth is told, there seems to be little left of their fame, their honour, or their intelligence.

Having made his bow, Sir Philip writes of the things he sees in the new Germany, disillusioned France, ruined Austria, and unhappy Ireland—Ireland under the beneficent rule of "Hamar Greenwood, the Canadian Jew, notorious and marvellous, certainly, for the unblushing daily denial of anything undesirable in the administration of Ireland." All through the record he writes with a passion for fact that will cause the good and respectable to rise up and damn him to perdition. He even attacks the sacred atrocity-myth. He has no doubt that the Germans committed many terrible deeds—such is the price of war—but he adds:

I could never get evidence of any of them. . . . No living babies had their hands cut off, nor women their breasts. This is certain, in spite of faked photographs. . . . No Canadians were crucified. . . . The evidence was analysed and rejected by our G. H. Q. . . . I am convinced that much of the evidence in the Bryce Report is utterly untrustworthy.

Still the balance-sheet is heavily against the Germans, even though—

the smashing of French machinery in cotton-mills and silk-industries revealed an evil genius corresponding to the destruction of Irish creameries condoned by Hamar Greenwood and providing amusement to Lloyd George. . . . We find more cruelty in human nature, outside of Germany than we once cared to believe. In Russia it is not unknown, though Russians were good and kind when they were still fighting on our side.

After meting out such round damnation to the Old Gang in England and Europe, Sir Philip writes about our United States, with a gingerly sweetness that is astounding by way of contrast. He met Secretary Hughes and found in him "a humane outlook upon life, a sensitive sympathy with the sufferings of a stricken people." He met President Harding, "a tall, heavily built man with a powerful face, deeply lined, puffed under his eyes, square of jaw, with a good-humoured mouth and kind eyes. . . . He spoke earnestly, with real emotion, I thought, while he still held my hand in a strong grasp." In Mr. Hoover, Sir Philip beholds one of the idealists, one of the new humanists who offer hope to a stricken world.

Lord Bryce, it was once said, saw America over the rims of champagne glasses. Sir Philip confesses: "Those I met were nearly all Republicans." Then he reveals their deep, undying hatred for President Wilson. It puzzles him. Well it may, while his eyes are fixed on foreign affairs. Let him consider a moment the Adamson law and other measures of Mr. Wilson's domestic policy. Then will he understand why the gentry of the Union League Club cursed Mr. Wilson as "an anarchist, socialist, and traitor to America," at the same time that they cheered the New York City school board for expelling teachers "wanting in respect for duly constituted authorities."

Sir Philip closes with an appeal to youth, idealistic youth. It must take up the task of healing a sick world. It must have enthusiasms and faiths. It must avoid the extremes of radical labour and cold, selfish capitalism. It must fight against the Old Gang and its diplomacy, hatreds, wars, and lies. It must declare for a just social peace and lasting international concord. Perhaps Messrs. Harding and Hughes will lead it to the promised land.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

### "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY" COMPLETED.

THE publication of the third and fourth volumes of the "Cambridge History of American Literature" brings to completion an account of our literature that is at once the most comprehensive and the most scholarly that has yet been written. The new volumes emphasize these qualities even more than those previously published. In

<sup>1</sup> "More That Must Be Told." Sir Philip Gibbs. New York, Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

<sup>1</sup> "The Cambridge History of American Literature." Edited by W. P. Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman, and Carl Van Doren. Vols. 3 and 4. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00 each.

regard to time, they extend to writers now living, and thus supersede the excellent if biased work of Professor Pattee, whose treatment of the period from 1870 onward has been the only detailed account of our recent literature that we have possessed. In regard to subject-matter, they cover every genre, with a catholicity that results from the editors' faith that everything printed in letters is literature. There are chapters dealing not only with poets, novelists, and dramatists, but also with theologians and philosophers, magazines and newspapers, political writing and educational writing, works of literary scholarship and economic treatises, popular Bibles and non-English writings (German, French, Yiddish, and aboriginal), and even book publishers and book publishing. I can think of nothing that has been omitted save a chapter on literary and art criticism—which is a serious omission—and a chapter on advertisement-writing, which has, at least, as much right to be in the "Cambridge History" as many things that are in it.

The arrangement of all this matter is, of course, by "types," which pedantic scholars dearly love, and Crocean aesthetes as foolishly abhor. A genuinely scientific treatment of our literature—an endeavour to reveal its evolution in relation to the evolution of the American mind and of American social life—was perhaps too ambitious an undertaking for a collaborative enterprise of this kind, since the contributors for a really scientific history could hardly have been found. Instead, we have in admirable abundance the materials, the notebooks, for such a history, a highly detailed account of American letters, with even more highly detailed bibliographies: for which the serious student of our literature can not be too grateful.

The work is comprehensive and scholarly, and involves the concentrated labours of a small host of specialists, such as Professor John Spencer Bassett, who writes on "Later Historians," Professor Paul Monroe, who writes on "Education," and Professor Edwin Seligman, who writes on "Economists." If the "Cambridge History" has the defects of unevenness in quality and temper inherent in a work produced by dissimilar collaborators, it has also the merits of such a work. With few exceptions, the editors have succeeded in securing the participation of the ablest men in the country.

These final volumes of the "Cambridge History" are the most interesting of the set, despite the rather dull cataloguing method in such chapters as "Economists" and "Travellers and Explorers, 1846-1900." The first volume of the set suffered from comparison with the extensive and distinguished history of our Colonial and Revolutionary literature by Moses Coit Tyler. The second volume, which contained most of the chapters on the great authors, necessarily repeated much that has long been familiar even to cursory students of American literature; too many of these chapters, besides, were merely pedestrian performances. In these third and fourth volumes, however, we are on less familiar ground. The only chapters devoted exclusively to major authors are the excellent studies of Mark Twain, Henry James, and Abraham Lincoln—three names, in accidental collocation, that are eloquent of the diversity of the American mind. The remaining twenty-two of the twenty-five chapters are concerned with miscellaneous modes of expression, from our newspapers to our popular Bibles, alluded to above, and in many cases are either the first systematic treatment, or the first readily accessible systematic treatment, of the fields that they cover. One reads them, consequently, with a freshness of interest that few chapters in the earlier volumes provoked.

The new volumes present, moreover, from different angles, that interesting shift in the American outlook on life that occurred between 1850 and the dawn of the twentieth century, between a crude America half-pioneer and half-Victorian, and a sophisticated America accomplished in scholarship of the German type and in her creative literature beginning to announce her independence not only of European traditions but of all traditions. In chapter after chapter one is made aware of this shift—even in that on "Minor Humorists":

Though no longer relying on the mechanical misspellings of Artemus Ward or Josh Billings, the next crop of humorists wrought effects in dialect rather than in character and preferred absurdities of their own invention to incongruities observed in the social scheme. Irony was alien to their minds, and satire, when they used it, took for its victims Mormons, mothers-in-law, undertakers, and other beings, whose removal would in no way imperil the pillars of society.

"In no way imperil the pillars of society"—that describes the great object of the second half of the nineteenth century, and our literature faithfully reflected it. The typical poets of that time, such as Bayard Taylor and R. H. Stoddard, are not the poets of the new century. Their thoughts were old, and their forms of expression old. In our 'day, American poets, some will say, have *no* thoughts and *no* forms, so far have we swung from the complacent conservatism of the last century. It may well be that our poets are more radical than they are thoughtful or artistic, that they have put the matter of poetry into the alembic without a receipt, or one so dimly understood by themselves that the public may be pardoned its inability to perceive what they are about. It may be that our novelists, again, in their vivid delineation of America's shortness of vision, have no adequate vision of their own. At least, however, one does begin to feel that this discontent of new America is sound at heart, and that if it fails to understand itself and the past, it will not fail to prepare the way for a generation that does.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

### THE OLD BELIEVERS.

INTO his big book on "Russian Dissenters,"<sup>1</sup> Mr. Conybeare has tumbled heaps of information translated from the Russian regarding the Raskolniki, the principal religious sect of Russia. What the unguided Harvard student would learn from the book would probably be very amusing to a Russian, but it is conceivable that it might fire the imagination of some students to make them desire to visit the Old Believers for themselves. After devoting a summer to a living study of the sect and its ways, a visitor would probably be able to use this theological work selectively.

The word *raskolnik* in Russian means schismatic. It has not the gentle and liberal atmosphere of the word "dissenter." It is generally applied to one large sect, the Staro-Veri or Old Believers, the Staro-Obradsi or Old Ritualists. They are estimated as numbering ten millions, which is an adherence that might well stagger the imagination of people who had never heard of them before. They have, however, nothing in common with Protestants or Puritans and it is rather incongruous when people mention them in the same breath with Stundists, a sect of German origin, or with Dukhobors, a sort of Russian Quakers, or with the Molokani, or Baptists. Most Protestants and Puritans would disapprove of the Old Believers even more strongly than they do of the Orthodox Church of Russia. Mr. Conybeare, the author of this book, is an old-fashioned plodder, and a strong protestant odour of condemnatoriness and bad English follows his description of the Orthodox Church and the Tsars from page to page.

The Old Believers split off from the Mother Church in the seventeenth century. They claim to practise the original rites of the Orthodox Church and that *they* are the Church while the members of the reformed Orthodox are the schismatics. They resisted the reforms of the Patriarch, Nikon; especially did they resist the printing of religious books, the crossing with three fingers instead of with two, the cutting of the hair and the importation into Russian life of Western novelties. They had few educated leaders, indeed none who were educated in the Western sense. Ignorance of the world reigned in Russia, and religious ritual was one of the greatest facts of life. Popular prejudice in favour of the ways of one's fathers was the ground of the Raskol. Any State, any established church would have persecuted the Old Believers. It was, of course, wrong to persecute them, but it was natural.

<sup>1</sup> "Russian Dissenters." Frederick C. Conybeare. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$4.00.

They were driven into the forests and the more obscure parts of the country. They avoided serfdom to a great extent. They lived very often in independent communes. They were rugged; they were patriarchal. They kept all that was old and refused most that was new. They had their old icons. They combed lovingly their long beards. They could not be argued with. It was the rarest thing to convert a Raskolnik to Orthodoxy. If their life was under a shadow, they prospered nevertheless. They did not touch vodka, they did not smoke, they would not drink coffee, they would not play cards or gamble. They therefore naturally became a fountain of pure Russianism.

With the general emancipation of the religious sects which followed the revolutionary struggle of 1905, the Raskolniki began to show themselves much more openly and their numbers became more manifest. It can not be said that they exerted any influence on Russian literature, art or politics. But they were a large popular mass and were certainly a part of the picture of Russia. Their denial of Westernism and of the foreign infection of Russia caused them to be valued by the pan-Russian philosophers, and it is possible that had not the war intervened to overthrow the existent structure, Raskolnikism might have played a vital part in the evolution of the country.

What has happened now is that Bolshevism without intending it has de-Westernized Russia. To-day she is much less Western than she was. Printing presses have been destroyed, the Orthodox Church is disestablished, barber-shops are fewer and great numbers of those who shave and wear linen collars have now been murdered, coffee-drinking has ceased in all provincial towns, there are fewer locomotives and scarcely any daily papers. That Antichrist is in power does not matter very much. God will look after Antichrist and relieve Russia in good time. In the depth of the country pure Russianism reigns supreme. The Raskolniki increase. They are not heard of—but they are there and they are very significant.

Hence the hope that the Harvard students for whom this book is published in America will give the Old Believers a creative thought, and that some may be impelled to go to Russia to see them. They would then find a good deal in "Russian Dissenters" which they would be able to elucidate.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

ELIZABETH, feminine-mean, critical, and tittering, describes in "Vera" a bugbear husband, this time an Englishman, not a German. Mr. Wemyss is just Helmar transported from "The Doll's House" without a rebellious Nora. The story seems to be told from the point of view of Miss Entwhistle, the maiden aunt. Man is a bad dirty dog who messes the carpet; or he is a small-eyed, self-centred pig; or he is a despicable woodchuck. But woman is a lyre bird, she is a golden-crested wren or a dear gazelle, or a pathetic, wailing camel carrying man's burdens over the desert. The sweeter the woman, the more unsweetened the man. Miss Entwhistle called Wemyss a great dear, a *great* dear, but she suspected that his courtship was not "vegetarian," and she soon realized that a man who gets a beautiful girl all to himself to be his "very own baby" deserves to die. Certainly Aunt Dot describes an odious man, and does it odiously, but the story reads like an old maid's bad dream about a horrid man. Despite some bedroom intimacies pleasingly described, one feels that Elizabeth, now without her German garden, has something of an old maid's point of view. Vera, one ought to say finally, was the man's first wife. It is hinted that she committed suicide rather than go on living with such a terrible person. Lucy, the second wife, doesn't seem to mind as long as the kisses last. S. G.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM<sup>3</sup> seems to be one of the few contemporary writers whose talent never falls short of a sure and adequate expression. He has planted himself in good soil, has basked in the sun, has resisted the pests that breed in popularity, and with each new year's vintage runs true to the original fruit. One may get a little weary of the subtle bouquet of Mr. Beerbohm's humour, or one may not; one may tire of his deft fooling, or one may not; these are matters of taste

<sup>1</sup> "Vera," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. \$1.75.

<sup>2</sup> "And Even Now," Max Beerbohm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$3.50.

and appetite. What is beyond dispute in his work is the artistry with which the materials are treated, and the serene fulfilment of the writer within the limits set by nature and circumstance. Mr. Beerbohm's art was perfect at the beginning; "And Even Now" is perfect. Its filigree meticulousness, its jewelled neologisms—lustre for lustrum, and desuete for disused—its gentle mockery, its affectionate concern for that aloof milieu in which these mannerisms flourish, along with minor snobberies, are as good as ever in his latest work. Essays like "Quia Imperfectum," on an unfinished portrait of Goethe's, or "Hosts and Guests," have the qualities that made "Zuleika Dobson" memorable. To say anything more about the present volume for those who are not numbered among Mr. Beerbohm's admirers would be like writing a treatise on colour for the use of the blind. L. C. M.

#### A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

IF the standing of a poet is to be measured by the number of books that are written about him, Whitman has taken his place, with Tolstoy and Goethe, among the very few world spirits of modern times. He has evoked a universal curiosity, or rather a universal affection: within the last month alone four new works have appeared of which he is the subject. M. Léon Bazalgette's "Le 'Poème-Evangile' de Walt Whitman" written in 1914 but only now published, is a long and very sympathetic and discerning interpretation of "Leaves of Grass" and the new values to which it has given birth; the book is an admirable supplement, in other words, to M. Bazalgette's translation and biography. Then there is Mr. Grant Overton's "The Answerer." The first part of this novel, picturing Whitman's youth on Long Island, is, in spite of a somewhat strained style, a genuine creation; as the story goes on, however, it lapses into melodrama; the author's attempt to dramatize his hero's shadowy love-story in New Orleans ends in disaster, and the reader has lost his interest in the book long before the slow music begins and Whitman and Lincoln pour out their hearts to one another. A brave effort, and one that we shall remember for its first hundred pages. The other books are "Walt Whitman in Mickle Street" and Mr. Emory Holloway's two volumes of the "Uncollected Poetry and Prose."<sup>4</sup>

MR. HOLLOWAY has taken as his motto Whitman's own phrase, "A vast batch left to oblivion"; and really, as we turn these pages, we wonder just why it should all have been so piously rescued. It appears to be on these humbler levels of investigation, research, the collation of manuscripts, the organization of materials, the piling of notes one upon another that our countrymen excel: when it comes to the higher efforts of interpretation and appreciation, to judgment and the sense of proportion, to the feeling for values, we fall sadly short. This work is a monument to the American genius for taking ends for granted and concentrating upon industry and action alone. Yet much of it is interesting, for all that; vastly more interesting, for example, than those other two similar volumes which appeared last year under the title "The Gathering of the Forces." There we had virtually nothing but Whitman's newspaper-editorials, his reflections, in short; and it is natural that they should have been dull and commonplace, for in reflection Whitman was always at his weakest. In these volumes, on the other hand, we have, among all sorts of miscellaneous scraps, his earliest attempts at creation. They suggest that he was far more of a literary man, in the ordinary sense, than we have usually supposed.

A LITERARY man is just what Whitman ceased to be. In later life nothing concerned him but his one poem and his "message," and the general belief is that his youth had been passed mainly in "loafing" (with spurts of

<sup>1</sup> "Le 'Poème-Evangile' de Walt Whitman." Léon Bazalgette. Paris: *Mercur de France*, 10 francs.

<sup>2</sup> "The Answerer." Grant Overton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00.

<sup>3</sup> "Walt Whitman in Mickle Street." Elizabeth Leavitt Keller. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.50.

<sup>4</sup> "The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman." Edited by Emory Holloway. 2 vols. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$7.50.

manual work, teaching and editing). It is to be doubted, however, if many writers have produced a greater and more varied mass of *juvenilia* than Whitman: a writer he evidently intended to be from the outset, and long before his prophetic rôle opened before him and his characteristic style emerged he had tried his hand at fiction, at criticism, at poetry, at essay-writing, at the travel-sketch, and at what used to be called eloquence. Had he passed his apprenticeship in Boston, where the literary life in those days was carried on so much more consciously than it was in New York, we should probably not have had the popular myth of a "powerful, uneducated" bard, suddenly appearing, a full-blown genius, out of the populous desert of the city streets. The truth is that Whitman passed through all the usual phases of the writer's career, and it was only because there was no organized literary society in New York that he passed unobserved. The same sort of mystery hangs about Poe, and for the same reason.

THE chief interest of these volumes, then, is the light they throw on what might be called the secular, as distinguished from the religious, development of Whitman. In the memoranda and the brief essays of his later years, the influences that he mainly reveals are those of Hegel, Carlyle, Emerson, the philosophers from whom he derived his sacerdotal view of the writer's office. Here we see him under a totally different series of influences, few if any of which remained with him in after life. He seems as much a part of the literary as of the popular New York; he writes at times in the vein of Poe, at other times in the vein of Washington Irving and the "Knickerbocker School"; he shows himself as above all keenly aware of the artistic "advantages" of the city, the opera, the theatre, the concerts, the art exhibitions. The New York even of that period afforded a great many more of these opportunities for a sensuous education than Boston, and Whitman evidently made the most of them; and, although books were less in the air, his own reading was surprisingly broad. "I believe it safe to say," Mr. Holloway observes in one of his notes, "that Whitman reviewed more books, and knew more about books, than any contemporary editor in Brooklyn, if not in New York, exclusive of the editors of the literary periodicals." That is not exactly a perilous assertion, and it is true that his critical remarks display no great ingenuity or insight. It is certain, however, that he had some knowledge of all the important European writers of the first half of the century, and in regard to many of these writers we can see that he knew a great deal more than he was able, or had the time, to express. He was, in a word, as much the conscious student of books and the art of writing as the dutiful apprentice of our own ampler day.

ALL this, thanks to such publications as Mr. Holloway's, greatly alters our understanding of Whitman's genius. It is difficult to see, for one thing, how he could have been regarded as a sort of drunken loafer by men like Howells and Aldrich, difficult because he knew so much and was, palpably, so much of an artist and a man of such great natural dignity. But just how little, till the last eight or nine years of his life, he existed for his countrymen we may discover, if we have not known it before, from that artless but none the less charming narrative, "Walt Whitman in Mickle Street." The author of this book, Mrs. Keller, who is still living at the age of eighty-two, was Whitman's nurse during his last illness, and her purpose in writing the book was to celebrate the goodness of the poet's faithful and far from justly appreciated housekeeper, Mary Davis. Whitman, as we might imagine, was a difficult old man, self-centred and with what appears to have been a sort of peasant cunning in money matters. Mary Davis was a long-suffering martyr, and Mrs. Keller wants us to know it, though the remarkable thing about the book is that one finishes it, as one is intended to finish it, with a higher opinion of Whitman than ever. But perhaps the most memorable

aspect of this little tale is the extraordinary picture it gives of the destitution of Whitman's penultimate years.

THERE is a gap in the poet's biographies between the time when his brother George left Camden and the moment (1884) when his friends came to the rescue and bought him the house in Mickle Street. It was then that he formed the habit of dropping in at Mary Davis's back door, for a warm meal and to have his clothes mended. His personal belongings, if we are to believe Mrs. Keller, consisted of "a scantily furnished bedstead, a home-made table, a rickety chair and a large packing-box" which he used as kitchen and dining-table. The greatest writer of the Western hemisphere was reduced to knocking for his breakfast, like some aged minstrel of the Irish famine days, at the kitchen door of a charitable cabin. Was he so much better off in the house that presently became his own, close to the thundering railway-tracks, invaded by the stench of a guano factory, with a leaky roof and a ruptured water-pipe owing to which an accumulation of ice made it impossible to close the back door at all? That is the note upon which Mrs. Keller's narrative opens; it disposes of the idea that there was anything deeply calculating in Whitman's nature—else why did he stay in Camden?—or anything far removed from the character of the Oriental saint. Mrs. Keller had every provocation that was possible to regard him as an "old humbug"; instead, she leaves that agreeable epithet to the general public, which has made lavish use of it in the poet's own day and since. Whitman was a victim of the stupidity of millions: Mary Davis was a victim only of Whitman's senility, and alas, as Mrs. Keller says, "it was her vocation to be victimized." I know nothing more charming than the fact that when Mrs. Keller came to write the dedication of a book that was designed to show how much of a victim Mary Davis was, she found herself inscribing it to the memory of "three of the most kind-hearted, unselfish and capable people I ever knew"—one of whom can be no other than Walt Whitman himself.

THE point is that Mary Davis supported the household and worked herself almost into the grave and never got a penny back till she brought suit against the estate after Whitman's death. And all the time the old man was salting away his dollars, five thousand or so, in order to build a magnificent granite tomb with a statue of himself on top of it. There was the poor woman, wedged into a tiny kitchen, cooking and washing for him, making his shirts, running his errands, struggling with him to get his rooms cleaned up, spending her last cent on the plumber and the carpenter, the butcher and the coal-man: and there was the good bard, ready to smite the invader who wished to empty his scrap-basket, or to touch the yellowed newspapers he had wrapped about the bust of Elias Hicks, or to disturb the colony of ants that peopled the lap of a statuette in the other corner. Whenever Mary mentioned money he chloroformed her with an "Ah." Yet "he never spoke an unkind word to Mrs. Davis; never was arrogant or overbearing to her; never belittled her or put her down before others; always treated her as an equal; relied upon her judgment and often sought her advice." The purpose of the book was to exhibit Mary Davis's grievance in all its malignancy, and there was never a writer with less of the sentimental in her composition than Mrs. Keller. Explain it as one may, then, Walt Whitman emerges from the terrible ordeal of a nurse's eye greater than he was before: a fact that speaks volumes for the nurse.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Reminiscences of Chekhov," by M. Gorky, A. Kuprin, and I. A. Bunin. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. \$1.50.

"Aria da Capo," by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

"Nets to Catch the Wind," by Elinor Wylie. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.50.

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It is superbly interesting."  
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H. N. B.

COMMENT on so penetrating a review of the *FREEMAN* as the following is not necessary. We regret that we are obliged to withhold the writer's name.

The 23 November issue of the *FREEMAN* is of such fine quality that I hope you will pardon me for making a few comments upon it and upon my general attitude toward your paper and some of the things which are related to it.

First of all, please accept my congratulations upon the series of articles under the title *The Myth of a Guilty Nation*. These articles constitute by far and away the best discussion I have read along that line. To those of us who are too busy to compile such material they will serve as a constant reference. Thanks are due you for this service rendered. I hope that you are going to have the articles published in book form.\*

The editorial describing the economic nature of the single tax is an excellent one, from the standpoint of your readers. It clarifies some things about your attitude on this question which you assumed your readers to know, about which, as a matter of fact, there was much uncertainty in their minds.

In the field of weekly magazines some of us believe that the *FREEMAN* holds a place of unique influence and function. For one thing, it is free from the pontificating found in some papers, from which the brethren do not always keep clear. Its method of criticism is a peculiarly good-natured one, although not without its rapier point and sting. In economic problems the *FREEMAN* seems to have achieved a truly scientific attitude of mind, at the same time keeping a delightful and charming human quality. Personally, I like the brutal directness with which you handle the politicians. The people seem to be giving honour to the diplomats and political leaders who were guilty of the colossal deceptions of war-time, and the "abject credulity" which Hobson describes as the foremost quality of the civilian war-mind is still gripping large groups who are putting great faith in the conference of political gentry at Washington. Under these circumstances, when we see such naive trust, we need brutal directness and frankness in dealing with the politician.

In these days some of us like to be reminded of the hopeful and constructive influences in the world. While the tragic chaos of the world may give the pessimist weighty ground for his position, yet it is not amiss to be assured that human nature can and does cherish the fine values of life and is capable of passion for art and truth and genuine devotion to fine human relationships. The ugly and baser elements of character which we see in the politician and sometimes in the financier are not the only qualities of our common human nature. The *FREEMAN* gives expression to the positive hopes of mankind better than any magazine of which I know.

\* The series will appear in book form, neatly produced in stiff covers, in January. Price, \$1.00. The many orders already received by the publishers will be filled promptly upon completion of the volume.

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### *public library*

an institution which constitutes an essential factor in the country's cultural development. The *FREEMAN* must reach the people to be fully effective: the people can be reached only through the public library.

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